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BY THE SEA.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

How sweet upon this wild promontory
To watch the motion of the waves below,
Breaking o'er sand and shells perpetually
Or falling on pointed rocks like flashes of snow;
And far upon the ocean is dewery
Ships, slowly fading from the watching eye!
And near the shore small crafts at anchor ride,
And scatter'd seagulls o'er the surface fly,
Or dive beneath the wave to catch the smaller fry.
That swim in crowded shoals beneath the tide.
The setting sun adorns the Western sky,
Tinging the clouds in with streaks of red,
And all is silent save the restless sea,
Sweeping forever o'er its pebbly bed!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

V.—[*Continued.*]

The garden was crowded with people. They had come to hear the music; and in the dust and the fracas of chairs, each sought for a place. The two friends quickly entered a restaurant to escape all this din. They installed themselves in one of those large salons, on the first floor, from whence they could see the green leaves of the trees, the promenades and the ornament of a water fountain between the two melancholy squares of the parterre. For Sigismond was the ideal of luxury, this restaurant hall, with gold everywhere, around the mirrors, in the chandelier and even upon the hangings of figured paper. The white napkin, the little bread, the carte of a dinner at a fixed price filled him with joy.

"We are well-fixed, are we not?" said he to Risler.

Then, at each one of the dishes of this feast at two francs, fifty centimes, he cried out, filled by force his friend's plate:

"Eat this—'tis good!"

The other, despite his desire to do honor to the fete, seemed preoccupied and looked steadily out of the window.

"Do you remember, Sigismond?" said he after the lapse of a moment.

The old cashier, wrapped up in his memories of other times, in the first appearance of Risler at the manufactory, responded:

"I believe I remember—let me see! The first time that we dined together at the Palais-Royal was in February, '66, the year in which they introduced flat plates at the manufactory."

Risler shook his head:

"Oh! no! I speak of what took place three years ago. 'Tis there, facing us, where we dined, that famous evening."

And he pointed out to him the great windows of the salon of Vefour which the setting sun lighted up as with the chandeliers of a wedding banquet.

"'Tis true!" murmured Sigismond somewhat confused. What an unfortunate idea he had had to bring his friend to a spot which recalled to him such painful things!

Risler, not wishing to render the repast sorrowful, lifted his glass hastily.

"Here's to your health, my old comrade."

He strove to turn away the conversation. But a moment after, he himself brought it back to the same subject, and in a low tone, as if he was ashamed, he asked of Sigismond:

"Have you seen her?"

"Your wife? No—never!"

"She wrote no more?"

"No—no more at all."

"But, at least, you ought to have news of her. What has she done during these six months? Does she live with her parents?"

"No!"

Risler grew pale.

He had hoped that Sidonie would have returned to her mother, that she would have toiled, like him, to forget and expiate. He had thought often that from what he might learn of her when he should have the right to speak of her, he would regulate his future life, and in one of those distant futures which have the indecision of a dream, he saw himself sometimes exiling himself with the Chebes in the midst of some thoroughly unknown country where nothing would recall to him the past shame. This was not a project, certainly; but it lived in the depths of his mind like a hope and that need which all human beings have to recover happiness.

"Is she in Paris?" asked he after a few instants of reflection.

"No. She has been gone these three months. No one knows whither she has departed."

Sigismond did not add that she had gone with her Cazabon whose name she now bore, that they had travelled together through the country towns, that her mother was grief-stricken, saw her no longer and never heard of her except from Delobelle. Sigismond did not believe he ought to say anything about all that, and after his last words: "She has departed," he paused.

Risler on his side did not dare to ask anything further.

Whilst they were there, opposite to each other, terribly embarrassed by the long silence, the military band started up under the trees of the garden. They played one of those Italian open overtures which seem made for the open sky of public promenades, and the numerous notes of which mingle, as they mount into the air, with the "pst! pst!—" of the swallows, with the pearly swallows which from the rain gutter in which they crowded together, one against another, saluted the closing day with a final chirp.

"Where shall we go?" asked Planus on quitting the restaurant.

"Wherever you will."

There was in the immediate vicinity, on a first floor of the Rue Montpensier a cafe chantant into which they saw a great crowd entering.

"Shall we ascend?" asked Planus, who wished to dissipate at any price the sorrow of his friend. "The beer is excellent."

Risler allowed himself to be drawn along; for six months he had not tasted beer.

'Twas a former restaurant transformed into a concert hall. Three large rooms, the partitions of which had been taken down, had been thrown into one, supported and separated by gilded columns, a Moorish decoration, bright red, soft blue, with little crescents and rolled up turbans for embellishment.

A MERRY DINNER PARTY.

Although it was yet early, every part was full; and one was suffocated, even before entering, simply from seeing that conglomeration of people seated around the tables, and at the very extremity, half-hidden by the succession of columns, those women huddled together upon a stage, dressed in white, in the heat and the dazzle of the gas.

Our two friends had much trouble to find places, even behind a column from whence they could only see half of the stage, occupied at that moment by a superb gentleman in a black coat and yellow gloves, curled, waxed, pomaded, who was singing in a vibrating voice:

"A little music does good," said he with brilliant eyes; and he added lowering his voice:

"I am troubled, my old friend. If you knew——"

They remained without speaking, leaning on their elbows at the window, whilst they were served with coffee.

Then the music ceased, the garden became deserted. The light which had lingered in the corners mounted towards the roofs, threw its last rays upon the highest window-panes, followed by the birds, the leap of the fountain. The sounding brasses make the warm mildness of those ends of summer days so wearisome, so long in Paris, depart appropriately; it seems that one hears nothing but them. The distant wheels, the cries of playing children, the footsteps of the promenaders are borne away in those sonorous waves leaping out and refreshing, as useful to the Parisians as the daily watering of their promenades. All around the fatigued flowers, the trees white with dust, the faces which the heat has rendered pale and sad, all the sorrows, all the miseries of a great city send down and dreamy upon the benches of the garden receive from them an impression of relief and comfort. The air is stirred, renewed by these accords which pass through it filling it with harmony.

The poor Risler felt something like an unbending of all his nerves.

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The public—small traders of the quarter with their wives and their young ladies—seemed enraptured; the women especially. He was so exactly the ideal of stage imagination, that magnificent shepherd of the desert, who spoke to the lions with such authority and watched his flock in evening dress. Hence despite their shepherding behavior, their modest toilets and the triviality of their counter smiles, all these ladies stretching their little gills towards the fish-hook of sentiment, rolled languishing eyes in the direction of the singer. The fun of the thing was to see this look at the stage transform itself suddenly, become disdainful and ferocious as it fell upon the husband, the fellow husband about to drink tranquilly a glass of beer opposite to his wife: "To think that you who would be capable of being *scatinelle* in the face of lions and in a black coat also, and with yellow gloves!"

And the eye of the husband had just the air of responding:

"Ah! yes—he's a jolly fellow!"

Indifferent enough to that kind of heroism, Risler and Sigismond sipped their beer without paying great attention to the music. When, the romance finished amid the applause, the cries, the noise which followed, Pere Planus uttered an exclamation:

"How droll—one might say—but yes, I am not deceived—'tis he—'tis Delobelle!"

'Twas in reality the illustrious actor that he had discovered below him, on the first row near the stage. His greyish head appeared three quarters presented. Negligently he leaned upon a column, his hat in his hand, in his full dress for first nights—dazzling linen, curls made with the little iron, black coat ornamented with a camelia in the button hole as with a decoration. From time to time he gazed at the crowd with an air altogether superior but was towards the stage that he turned most frequently, with amiable looks, little encouraging smiles, feigned applause, addressed to some one whom from his place Pere Planus could not see.

The presence of the illustrious Delobelle at a cafe concert was nothing so very extraordinary, since he passed all his evenings abroad; nevertheless the old cashier felt a certain uneasiness from it especially when he perceived in the same row of spectators a blue cloak and steel-grey eyes. 'Twas Madame Dobson, the sentimental singing teacher. In the smoke of the pipes and the confusion of the crowd those two faces drawn near each other had for Sigismond the effect of two apparitions such as are evoked by the coincidences of an evil dream.

"Come, come—let us go," said the cashier, striving to draw him into the street.

But he was too late.

Risler had already seen his wife advance to the front of the stage and bow to the public with the smiles of a dancer.

She was in a white dress, as on the night of the ball, but there was now less richness in all her attire and an offensive neglige.

The dress scarcely reached her shoulders; her hair flew away in a blonde cloud about her eyes, and about her neck a necklace of pearls too large to be true was arranged with a glitter of tinsel. Delobelle was right: 'twas the life of a Bohemian that suited her. Her beauty had gained from it a certain careless expression which, to admired it, made it just the type of a woman escaped, abandoned to all the chances and descending from stage to stage to the utmost depths of the Parisian hell, without anything in the world being strong enough to bring her back to the pure air and the light.

And how much at ease she seemed in her strolling player existence! With what assurance she advanced upon the stage! And if she could have seen the desperate and terrible look that was fixed on her in the hall, in anxiety behind a column, her smile would not have had that wanton pleasure, but none would not have found these silly and languishing airs worth

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He had fears for his friend, without knowing precisely of what; and immediately the idea came to him to take him away:

"Let us go, Risler. We will die of heat here."

The moment they arose—for Risler cared no more about remaining than departing—the orchestra, composed of a piano and several violins, began a fantastic flourish. There took place in the hall a movement of curiosity. People cried out: "Chut!—Chut! Sit down!"

They were obliged to return to their places. Now Risler commenced to be troubled.

Thunders of applause and an exclamation from Planus made him raise his eyes.

"I know that air they are playing," said he to himself. "Where have I heard it?"

Thunders of applause and an exclamation from Planus made him raise his eyes.

which to coo out the only romance that Madame Dobson had ever been able to teach her:

Pauv' petite Mam'zelle Zizi,
Cest Pamou, Pamou qui tourne in tete a li.

Risler had arisen, in spite of the efforts of Planus.

"Sit down—sit down!" they cried out to him.

The unhappy man heard nothing.

He stared at his wife.

L'amou, Pamou qui tourne in tete a li,

repeated Sidonie affectedly.

For a moment he asked himself if he should not leap upon the stage and kill everybody. Red flashes passed before his eyes like a billow of fury.

Then suddenly shame and disgust seized on him, and he precipitated himself out of doors overturning chairs, tables, pursued by the startled looks and imprecations of all the scandalized shop-keepers.

VI.

SIDONIE'S VENGEANCE.

Never, during the twenty years and more that he had dwelt at Montrouge, had Sigismond Planus returned so late, without notifying his sister. Hence Mademoiselle Planus was in great anxiety. Living in community of ideas and everything with her brother, there being but one and the same soul for her and for him, the old maid had felt for many months the rebound of all the inquietudes, of all the indignation of the cashier; and from this there remained to her, even now, a great facility for trembling and being troubled. At the least delay of Sigismond she thought:

"Ah! Great Heavens! Suppose there has been some complication at the manufactory!"

Behold why, that evening, once the poultry perched and asleep, the dinner cleared away without having been touched, Mademoiselle Planus sat down in the little low parlor, and waited, full of agitation.

At last towards eleven o'clock somebody rang. A timid and melancholy pull at the bell which resembled in nothing the vigorous jerk of Sigismond.

"Is it you, Monsieur Planus?" demanded the old maid from the top of the steps.

'Twas he; but he did not come in alone. A tall old man all bent followed him, who, on entering, said good day in a slow voice. Then only Mademoiselle Planus recognized Risler Aine, whom she had not seen since the New Year's Day visits, that is to say some time before all the dramas of the manufactory. She could scarcely keep back an exclamation of pity; but before the grave silence of the two men, she comprehended that she must restrain herself.

"Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, you will put fresh sheets on my bed. Our friend Risler will do us the honor to sleep here, to night."

The old maid went very quickly to prepare the chamber with a care almost tender, for besides M. Planus, my brother, Risler was the only man excepted from the general reprobation in which she enveloped them all.

On quitting the cafe chantant, Sidonie's husband had at first been frightfully excited for a moment. He had walked, on the arm of Planus, his whole body relaxed. At that hour, there was no longer any need to go look for the latter and the packet at Montrouge.

"Leave me—go away," said he to Sigismond, "I want to be alone."

But the other would on no account have abandoned him thus to his despair. Without Risler noticing it, he had drawn him far away from the manufactory, and the intelligence of his heart inspiring the old cashier with what he ought to say to his friend, along the entire route he had spoken to him only of Frantz, his dear Frantz whom he so much loved.

"Yes, yes, there is affection, true and sure. No treason to fear with hearts like his."

Whilst talking, they had left Paris noisy in the centre. They walked now along the quays, went in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, plunged into the Faubourg Saint Marceau. Risler allowed himself to be led. The words of Planus did him so much good!

They arrived thus beside the Bievre, bordered in that spot by tanneries, the great, barred old dryers of which shot out the blue upon the depths of the sky; then, in the rambling plains of Montsouris, vast lands hurtled and stripped by the breath of fire which Paris spreads around from its daily toil, like a gigantic dragon whose breathings of smoke, of steam, suffer no vegetation within their reach.

From Montsouris to the fortifications of Montrouge is but a step. Once there, Planus had not much trouble to draw his friend to his dwelling. He thought with reason that his calm household, the spectacle of a fraternal friendship peaceable and devoted, would penetrate the heart of that unfortunate like a foretaste of the happiness which awaited him near his brother Frantz. And, in truth, scarcely had they entered when the charm of the little house operated.

Yes, we are right, my old fellow, said Risler walking rapidly about in the low parlor. I must think no more of that woman. She is as one dead for me now. I have only my dear Frantz in the world. I know not yet whether I will bring him back or whether I will go to rejoin him; what is certain is that we will remain together. I desired so much to have a son, behold my son found. I want no other. When I think that I have had for an instant the idea of dying!—She would have been

much happy for my death, Madame What's-her-name! I wish to live, on the contrary, live with my Frantz, and only for him."

"Brave!" cried Sigismond, "that's the way I wished to see you."

At that moment Mademoiselle Planus came to announce that the chamber was ready.

Risler asked pardon for the derangement he had caused.

"You are so well, so happy here, that I truly ought to bring you my sorrow."

"Ah! my old comrade, you can make for yourself a happiness just like ours," said the good Sigismond rubbing with joy. "I have my sister—you have your brother. What is it that we lack?"

Risler smiled vaguely. He saw himself already installed with Frantz in a little house, tranquil and Quaker-like as this.

Decidedly Pere Planus had had a good idea.

"Now to bed," said he with a triumphant air. "We will show you your chamber."

Sigismond Planus' chamber was a room on the ground floor, a large room plainly but neatly furnished, with cotonnade curtains to the windows, the canopy of the bed, with little squares of carpet at the foot of the chairs upon the shining floor. Madame Fromond, the mother, herself, could have discovered nothing to find fault with in the order, in the sparse appearance of the place. Upon shelves forming a book-case were ranged: The Angler's Manual, The Perfect Country Housekeeper, The Arithmetical Calculation Tables. This was the intellectual portion of the apartments.

Pere Planus looked proudly about him. The vase of water was in its place upon the walnut table, the shaving box upon the toilet stand.

"You see, Risler. There is everything that is necessary. However, if you should find anything lacking, the keys are in all the locks—you have but to turn them. And look what a fine view we have from here. It is a little dark at this moment, but to-morrow morning, on awaking, you will see that 'tis magnificent."

He opened the window. Great drops of rain had begun to fall, and flashes of lightning rending the night showed the long, silent line of slopes which stretched far away, with telegraph poles from place to place or the wanton gap of a cascade. At intervals the step of a patrol upon the *chemin de ronde*, the clatter of a gun or of a sabre recalled that they were in the military zone. Such was the horizon so much vaunted by Planus, melancholy horizon as it was.

"And now good night. Sleep well."

But at the moment the old cashier was going away, his friend called him back.

"Sigismond?"

"Here," said the good man, and he awaited.

Risler blushed slightly, had that movement of the lips of a man who is about to speak; then, controlling himself with a great effort:

"No, no—nothing! Good night, my old comrade."

In the dining-room the brother and sister talked yet a long while in low voices. Planus related the terrible event of the evening, the meeting with Sidonie; and you can well imagine the "Oh! the women!" and the "Oh! the men!" that were uttered. Finally, when the gate of the little garden had been locked, Mademoiselle Planus ascended to her chamber and Sigismond installed himself as best he could in a small adjoining apartment.

Towards the middle of the night, the cashier was awakened suddenly by his sister, who called to him in a guarded tone, very much frightened:

"Monsieur Planus, my brother?"

"Eh?"

"Have you heard?"

"No. What?"

"Oh! 'twas awful! Something like a great sigh, but so loud, but so melancholy! It came from the chamber below."

They listened. Without, the rain was falling in torrents, and that noise of the leaves which gives to the country an impression so complete of isolation and exteut.

"'Tis the wind," said Planus.

"I am sure it is not. There! Listen!"

In the tumult of the storm, a groan ascended, like a sob made of a name painfully pronounced.

"Frantz! Frantz!"

'Twas sinister and mournful.

When Christ on the cross threw into space towards the black heavens his despairing cry: "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," those who heard him must have felt the supernatural terror which suddenly seized upon Mademoiselle Planus.

"I am afraid," she murmured. "If you would go see what is the matter."

"No, no, we must let him be. He is thinking of his brother. Poor fellow! 'Tis that thought alone which can do him the most good."

And the old cashier fell asleep again.

The next day he awoke, as usual, at the sound of the drum at dawn in the forts for the little house, surrounded with barracks, regulated all its life by the military calls. The sister, already arisen, was feeding the poultry. On seeing Sigismond up, she came towards h... somewhat excited.

"'Tis strange," said she; "I hear nothing stirring in M. Risler's room. Nevertheless the window is wide open!"

Sigismond, greatly astonished, knocked at his friend's door.

"Risler! Risler!"

He called with a certain uneasiness.

"Risler! are you there? Are you asleep?"

There was no answer. He opened the door.

The chamber was cold. He felt that, through the open window, the dampness from without had invaded it all the night. At the first glance of the eye thrown upon the bed Planus thought: "He did not retire." In truth, the coverings were intact, and in the room, a night full of agitation revealed itself in the least details, in the lamp still smoking, and which he had neglected to extinguish, in the decanter entirely emptied in a fever of sleeplessness; but what terrified the cashier was to find wide open the bureau drawer in which he had carefully deposited the letter and the packet confided to him by his friend.

The letter was no longer there. The packet unfolded, remaining upon the table, exposed to sight a photograph, the portrait of Sidonie at fifteen years of age. With her dress and neckerchief, her refractory locks parted on the forehead, her embarrassed pose of yet awkward girlhood, the little Chebe of other days, the apprentice of Mademoiselle Le Mire, resembled in nothing the Sidonie of now. And 'twas exactly for that that Risler had kept this photograph, as a souvenir not of his wife, but of the "little one."

Sigismond was overwhelmed.

"'Tis my fault," said he to himself. "I should have taken away the keys. But who would have suspected that he still thought of them. He had so strongly sworn to me that that woman existed no longer for him."

At this moment Mademoiselle Planus entered, her countenance agitated.

"M. Risler is gone!" said she.

"Gone? The garden gate was not fastened then?"

"He clambered over the wall. The marks are visible."

They looked at each other, terrified.

Planus thought: "'Twas the letter!"

Evidently that letter of his wife had suprised Risler of something extraordinary; and in order not to awaken his hosts, he had escaped without noise, through the window, like a robber. Why? With what aim?

"You will see, my sister," said the poor Planus, finishing his toilet in haste, "you will see that that jade has again played him some trick." And as the old maid strove to reassure him, the good man returned as usual to his favorite motive:

"I have a confidence!" Then, as soon as ready, he plunged out of doors.

Upon the ground softened by the heavy rain of the night, the steps of Risler could be distinguished as far as the gate of the little garden. He must have departed before day, for the squares of vegetables and the borders of flowers were trodden down and mutilated by deep footprints, spaced by long strides; the wall at the bottom had white scratches, a slight crumbling away at the top. The brother and sister went out upon the public road. Here the gaps of the steps became impossible to follow. They saw, however, that Risler had gone in the direction of the Orleans highway.

"Unfortunate," hazarded Mademoiselle Planus, "we are very good at tormenting ourselves; he has perhaps merely returned to the manufactory."

Sigismond shook his head. Ah! if he had said all that he thought.

"Return, my sister. I am going to see ——"

And the old "I have no confidence" departed like a gust of wind, his white hair still more on end than usual.

At that hour, upon the public road, there was a running and going of soldiers, of market-gardeners, the relief guard, officers' horses which were being led about, cantine-keepers with their equipage, all the noise, all the commotion which take place in the morning around forts. Planus went with rapid steps into the midst of the racket, when all at once he paused. Upon the left, at the foot of the slopes, before a little square building on which might be read in black on the rough plaster:

CITY OF PARIS.

ENTRANCE TO THE QUARRIES,

he perceived a corporal guard and uniforms of soldiers, of custom-house officers, mixed with the miserable and earth-stained blouses of the rovers of the barriers. Extraordinary! The old man approached. Under a circular postern with iron bars, a custom-house officer, seated upon the stone step, was talking with great gestures, as if he were relating a denunciation.

"He was here where I am," said he. "He hung himself seated, pulling with all his strength upon the cord—like that—han! And it is certain that he had resolved to die, for they found a razor in his pocket with which he would have finished himself in case the cord had broken."

In the crowd a voice said: "Poor devil!" Afterwards another, but this one trembling, strangled with emotion, demanded timidly:

"Are they altogether certain that he is dead?"

Everybody burst out laughing, looking at Planus.

"What an old canary-bird!" said the custom-house officer. "I tell you that he was all blue this morning, when we took him down to carry him to the barracks of the chasseurs."

The barracks were not far away; but nevertheless Sigismond Planus had all the trouble in the world to drag himself there. It was useless for him to say to himself that suicides were not rare in Paris, especially in these latitudes, that not a day passed without a corpse being taken away from that long line of fortifications, as from the beach of a dangerous sea, nothing could divert him from the frightful presentiment which, since the morning, had oppressed his heart.

"Ah! you come for the hanged man," said the chief of staff to him at the door of the barracks. "He is there."

They had stretched out the body, in a kind of couch-house, upon a table with treatles. A cavalry cloak, thrown over it, covered it entirely, fell with its winding-sheet folds with the rigidity of death developed everywhere. A group of officers, some soldiers in linen-cloth pantaloons looked on from afar, talking in low tones as if in a church; and upon the lodge of a lofty window, an under-surgeon was writing the proof of the death. 'Twas to him that Sigismond addressed himself.

"I would like very much to see him," said he softly.

"Look."

He approached the treatles, hesitated a moment, then taking courage, uncovered a swollen face, a great body immoveable in its garments soaked with rain.

"She has then finished by killing you, my old comrade," murmured Planus, and he fell upon his knees, sobbing.

The officers had advanced curiously to look at the corpse, which remained uncovered.

"See, Major," said one of them. "He has his hand closed, as if he grasped something."

"So he has," said the Major approaching. "That sometimes happens in the last convulsions. Do you remember, at Solferino, the Commander Beely held like that in his hand the medallion of his grand-daughter? We had much troubles to get it from him."

Whilst speaking, he strove to open that poor hand rigid and dead.

"Ah!" said he, "'tis a letter that he has grasped so strongly."

He was about to read it; but one of the officers took it from his hands and passed it to Sigismond who was still kneeling:

"Here, Monsieur. 'Tis perhaps a final wish to fulfill."

Sigismond Planus arose. As the apartment was dark, he approached the window unsteadily, and read, his eyes dimmed with tears:

"Ah, yes! I love you, I love you—more than ever and for all time! Of what use to struggle and to strive? Our crime is stronger than we are!

* * * * * * * *

"'Twas the letter that Frantz had written to his sister-in-law a year before, and which Sidonie had sent to her husband the day after their scene, to avenge herself upon him and his sister at the same time.

Risler had been able to survive the treason of his wife, but the treason of his brother had killed him at once.

When Sigismond had comprehended, he stood overwhelmed. He was there, the letter in his hand, gazing mechanically before him through that wide open window.

Six o'clock struck.

Afar, above Paris, which he heard roar without seeing it, a mist arose, heavy, hot, slowly stirred, fringed at the edge with red and black like a funeral pall upon the over a field of battle. Little by little steeples, white facades, the gold of a dome, separated themselves from the fog, shone forth in the splendor of an awakening. Then, in the direction of the wind, the thousand manufactory chimneys, towering over that flock of grouped roofs, began to breathe forth at once their panting vapor with the activity of a departing steamer. Life had recommenced. Forward engine! And so much the worse for whoever remains in the road!

Then the old Planus felt an impulse of terrible indignation:

"Ah! jade, jade!" cried he, brandishing his fist; and one could not tell whether 'twas for the woman or to the city that he had spoken!

THE END.

A BROKEN VOYAGE.

BY H. W.

(Continued.)

The wind had continued to blow as hard as ever. The heavy cross sea increased, and the ship labored and strained continually. The chief officer and I could appreciate how well she had "taken up." Instead of taking up she had opened out, and now leaked like a basket. And last night the Asia, old, worn out, soft-wood ship, loaded like a sand barge with patent fuel.

Of all cargoes it is one of the very worst: the most trying for a ship. It is heavy, stows very close, and has about as much spring in it as so much lead. The poor old hooker was shaken to pieces.

The night was dark, and the wind and sea continued unchanged. The pumps were scarcely left. But for the good, powerful, new ones, lately fitted, the ship would have gone down under our very feet. Probably not one life would have been saved; for what could the boats have done in such a terrible sea? And the chances are, the boats would have been knocked to pieces in the getting out. There was nothing for it but to keep on pumping, and hope for moderate weather.

Alas, our hopes proved vain. The wind continued. It was a fearful time. The ship pitched and rolled and lurched most heavily. She was literally knocked about like a cork in the tremendous cross and running. The decks were constantly half full of water. Occasionally a heavier wave than usual would break on board, carrying all before it, and washing away the men from the pumps. We were all more or less bruised and otherwise injured—officers as well as men. Since the bad weather set in, the former had taken their full share of pumping, and more than their share of the other work. The captain was the only "officer," now: the constant pumping had made the rest of the ship's company on a perfect equality as regards work. This constant pumping was very trying. At last we got bell ropes fitted—short ropes with an iron ring—and a thimble spliced into one end. The thimbles were slipped over the handles, and the men "tailed on" to the ropes to pull the handles round. This was much less fatiguing than the incessant bending over them.

Morning broke on the third day, and there was no sign of the weather moderating. The leaking had increased; and the pumps, going all the time, scarcely kept her free. It seemed as though we were doomed to a watery grave.

At about eight o'clock the men came aft in a body, and asked to speak to the captain. Big David Evans was spokesman.

The skipper came out of his cabin. Well, men, what is it?"

"Well, now, Captain Roberta, you see we have very hard work. It's not watch and watch now. It's all hands day and night, and we are getting very tired. And besides, we are up to the neck in water when she ships a heavy sea. Any way, the decks are half full of water all the time, and we are wet through and the weather is very cold. There is plenty of grog on board; you might give us some rum.

The request was refused. Captain Roberts assured the men that to give rum, or any similar poison, would be against his "principles." He would order them some good hot coffee. While he was speaking, the ship had fallen off the wind, and she took a heavy weather roll. A tremendous sea broke on board over the main rigging. It carried all hands, captain and all, in a body to the leeside, and dashed them against the bulwarks. And a fortunate thing it was that it did not wash any of them overboard.

After some minutes of shaking, stamping, and not a little swearing—for Jack swears a good deal sometimes as a safety valve, but means no harm by it—the conference was reopened.

David Evans, seeing no chance of the grog—for Roberts, as we had learnt, was a temperance captain—asked for something else that was not grog; ham and fresh butter. The request was so absurd that I burst out laughing; but, to my intense astonishment, it was granted without a disputing. It was the skipper taking up the notion that the hams and other good stores on board would never be of use, save to dead men? But he must have known the sole chance for our lives then was to keep the pumps going; and men cannot work day and night unless they are fed.

All hands turned to at the pumps, and the steward made ready a hearty meal. Ham, cheese, fresh butter, and a saucepan-ful of strong coffee. It did the men good, poor fellows; who quitted it to man the pumps again.

This continued. A tempting meal every two hours, and the work at the pumps perpetual. It was the alternate routine throughout that day. The wind did not moderate. On the contrary, the sea was, if anything, heavier; the squalls were most furious, and the ship labored fearfully. At four o'clock the carpenter sounded the well, and said the water was slowly gaining on the pumps. The announcement struck a sudden gloom on all who heard it.

"Now, boys," said I, by way of encouragement, "this won't do. Let us give her a proper, good doing for an hour, and see if we can't make the sounding rod tell another tale." The men responded cheerfully to the appeal. The bell ropes were manned One hundred strokes in a minute, but by the dock we had left a fortnight before.

We had, indeed, had a most marvellous and providential escape from death. *Insanely* speaking, nothing but the splendid new pumps kept the ship afloat. And they were fitted more by good luck than anything else. The old ones were condemned, and took too long for the ship was preparing to take in cargo. The pump maker inquired personally of Mr. Buckle in our presence—that is, mine and Sterner's—whether he could send them on board. Of course, replied liberal Mr. Buckle. And the man did it.

But the pumps would have been of no use after a time, but for the splendid set of men we had. All were good, hardworking, *able seamen*. A term more misused nowadays than any other I know of.

The return of the Asia into port caused no small commotion. Those who were interested came flocking down to look at her, and at us escaped sailors. Prim was there, watching us land in.

But startling tidings awaited us: and the complacent faces which had watched us away were changed to gloom now. Prim came on board, looking as black as midnight.

"You see we are back alive, Prim," I said. "Had a hard fight for it, though."

"Worse luck," retorted Prim.

"Worse luck! What do you mean?"

"Been a deuced sight better if the broken old hulk had gone down, body and bones," he growled. "Might have stood a chance of getting our money back out of the insurance then."

The owner of the Asia, Mr. Buckle, had been declared bankrupt. Sterner and I could not have received the news with more incredulity had we been told that we had been declared so. That great and rich man, Buckle!—who was the owner of the new line of ships about to be launched, and meant to have made the fortune of us all!

It was even so. The great Mr. Buckle was a bankrupt. And as he had paid the people in promissory notes, and the notes were worthless—for the real estate would not realise a shilling in the pound, there being in fact no estate to realise upon—no wonder the faces were long. We had looked upon him at Liverpool as a second Rothschild.

And what of Captain English? How was he? Captain English had recovered as speedily as he was taken, we were told. A very day we had sailed out of port, he was himself again, and went up to London. Dr. Sims considered it the most extraordinary case ever brought under his notice, and intended to send it to the *Lancet*.

I went up to the Mitre: and there heard worse whispers. The rich, kind, gentle manly Mr. Buckle was called a scoundrel and a swindler; and it was Mrs. Prim who called him so to me, shut up with her in the bar parlor. And she confessed that she could not make out Captain English—that is, his illness—but of course it did not do to say so. When he was informed, upon his recovery, that the Asia had gone out of port but two hours before, he nearly wept with vexation at not having sailed in her, and at having been superseded in the command.

Mrs. Prim was naturally as sore as her husband upon the score of the bankruptcy, and had learned to nurse like Sairey. No doubt it was a relief to her to do it. Upon the first intimation of it reaching Prim, she said, he had taken the next train to London at night, and that early morning went to find out Mr. Buckle's offices—the address of which he had fortunately pencilled down in an odd corner of his pocket-book—and found them in Lime Street. In Lime Street, it was a shabby-looking place, and he went wondering up the shaky and dirty stairs, and reached the second floor. Yes: there were two doors bearing the name, "Mr. P. Buckle:" on one was written "Private," on the other "Clerks' Office." Prim knocked at the latter, and was told, in a shrill, piping, treble voice, to come in.

The room was as shabby as the stairs: nothing but an old desk, and a chair or two, and a sharp-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen years, to whom the shrill voice belonged. Prim took it all in at a glance. He concluded he must have got the address, by some extraordinary mistake, of another Mr. Buckle. There could not be the "firm" in London which that gentleman and Captain English had often spoken of with as much respect as though they had been built of gold.

"Is this Mr. Buckle's office?"

"Yes, sir."

Prim hardly knew how to put it. "I mean Mr. Buckle the shipowner. His ship, the Asia, has just sailed from Liverpool."

"All right," said the sharp boy.

"Is Mr. Buckle in?"

"No, sir. Gone in the country on business."

This was a check "When do you expect him back?"

"Don't know at all. He may be away some days, or longer."

"What part of the country is he gone to?"

"Can't tell for sure. Cornwall, or somewhere."

"Can I see the head clerk—or manager?"

"There is no head clerk—except me."

"You!" cried Richard Prim. "But you are not the only clerk?" "Yes, I am, sir."

Of all astounding revelations! Prim began to utterly bewildered.

"Is there nobody I can make inquiries of? I've come all the way from Liverpool on purpose."

"Don't know of anybody, sir," replied the boy.

"Do you chance to know where I can find Captain English?—who was to have gone out in command of the Asia?"

"Don't know anything about him. Captain English?—Let's see. Think I've heard his name. Think he's gone round to some port to take new command, though. Am not sure, sir, that that was the name."

And nothing more satisfactory could Prim get at. He next went to the liquidators who had PO's in their hands in hand, and heard there would not be a shilling in the pound. Prim stood aghast.

"Captain English told me Mr. Buckle was a rich man," he said.

"Captain English should have known better," was the dry answer.

"But Mr. Buckle seemed to be so very prosperous—and though he is a—"

"Ay: thought himself so, perhaps. When a man's speculations fail, he suddenly finds himself nowhere."

And so Richard Prim found he had had his journey for nothing, and went back home as he came.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that the Asia was a worthless old ship, tinkered up for her voyage; and that our lives, when we sailed in her, were not worth a month's purchase. But for that gale—which Heaven must have sent to save us—she would have gone too far away from land to put back; and the leaking and heavily-laden ship would probably never have reached the Cape. Nothing of the was proved; nobody made any stir in the affair, and it died away without public exposure—but I affirm that it is true.

One person, interested in some of us who had sailed in the sinking ship, made it his business to institute inquiry privately. By that means he got to know that the Asia had been

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

BY B. FRANK TAYLOR.

When the Breton mariner puts out to sea his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; for my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of us all?—SATURDAY EVENING POST, March 3d, 1877.

Out on life's ocean, so weird and deep,
Floats the frail bark of my being alone;
Sorrow's wild waves round my feeble brow sweep;
Sad winds of grief o'er the dark waters moan.
Childhood's sweet land lieth dim in the past,
Heaven's fair haven is far o'er the tide;
Guide me, oh God, while the brief voyage doth last,
For my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide.

Wild roars the storm o'er the bark of my life,
Dark loom the clouds o'er my desolate way;
Tempest, and trouble, and sorrow and strife,
Beat on the heart of the voyager to-day.
There is no pilot, whose steadying hand
O'er the dark water my vessel may guide;
How, all alone, may I reach the fair land,
When my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide?

Round me fast gathers the gloom of the night,
Lost my rudder and shivered the sail;
Storm-clouds arise in their perilous might,
Will heaven the ocean and shore roars the gale.
O'er the dusk billows Hope gazeth in vain,
Seeking the light to her vision denied;
Saviour, say "peace," to the wild waves again
For my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide.

Oh, wouldst Thou walk o'er the waters once more,
As in the old time, on deep Galilee;
Pointing the way to the heavenly shore,
Then could I reach the dark land of the dear, in Thee.
Ah, do not leave me alone on life's deep,
Tossed like a shard on the merciless tide!
Only Thy power the voyager can keep,
Where the boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide.

Soon, 'neath the billows my life boat must sink;
Death is the pilot that stands by the helm;
Soon must my pale lip the dark waters drink;
Soon must the tempest the mariner whelm.
Oh, then, when out on that ocean so vast,
Where shore nor sail greeteth Eternity's side,
Find me a harbor, oh, Father, at last,
For my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide.

FOR THE SAKE OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

ANNABELLE BARKER WHITE.

She was pacing slowly along a shaded walk in a beautiful park. The tinkling music of a distant fountain fell on the ear with soothing effect, while a liquid throated mocking-bird sang in a myrtle tree with such joyous *abandon* one could readily tell this was his house. The graceful wild jessamine hung its yellow fragrant bells above her head, and she stopped to pluck a spray, inhaling its delicious perfume, then resumed her walk yet more slowly.

But this was a theme that caused her to stop so suddenly, while the color forsook her cheek, then flowed back with such force as to make even her ears tingle with its red glow? Nothing more or less, dear reader, than what has often caused the feminine heart to beat more rapidly with varied emotions—a very handsome man lazily reclining on a rustic seat, gnarled roots, his graceful head thrown back and his Panama hat on the ground beside him. His eyes were raised dreamily towards the blue sky, dotted here and there with tiny snow-white cloudlets. For a moment she stood quite still, then took a step forward. The movement brought down his heavenward gaze, and his eyes fell on a bright, beautiful object.

"Don't tell me this is Mr. Harry Belmont, who does not know his old friend Maude Adare."

He came forward rapidly with eager face and outstretched hands.

"Maude! Is it possible!" he exclaimed, as he fervently pressed the little hand she had let fall in his. She laughed musically.

"I assure you it is I and no one else. Do I not look substantial enough for an earthly inhabitant, and not the etherial spirit your wandering gaze seemed to think?"

"When did you get back?" he eagerly asked, as he led her to the seat he had just vacated.

"Oh, I have been in the city a week, but had no idea I should see you here."

"Maude, you have changed," he suddenly said.

"I hope there is a compliment concealed in that sentence." But her laugh was not easy and her blue eyes fell beneath the steady gaze of those brown ones above her.

"In some you are more beautiful than ever," gravely, still keeping his eyes on hers, "but your heart has changed."

"It would be strange if it had not," bitterly, then demanded with more *hauteur*. "What do you know of my heart?"

"More than you think, little one," he sadly replied.

"Come, let us begin our first meeting by recalling old memories. Why don't you ask me something about myself? Why don't you ask me how long I intend to stay; why I came, etc., etc.," and she smiled brightly in his gloomy face. "If I had known you would become so sad, I assure you I should have not wished you to recognize me."

"Maude, where is your husband?"

She looked down at her white dress and lilac trimmings as she slowly replied: "I left him a year ago, as I said." He hastily rose with white lips.

"Left him, Maude, left him? You——" he paused to wet his dry lips.

"You left him in an Italian vault two years ago, as I said." He breathed heavily.

"*Then you are free!*"

"Free? Oh, Heaven no! Never again shall I know what that word means. Would you call it free to be haunted by goading memories, by broken rose-hued youthful dreams, by longings for a higher life, by a terror that I shall see me night and day, day and night?" She too had risen and now laid her hand on his arm, while her blue eyes flamed with a feverish fire and her panting breath showed how she was excited.

"Maude," and he covered the throbbing hand with his strong broad one. "Calm yourself and tell me all about it." She sank down shudderingly and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh!" she moaned, and it seemed as if her heart was in her voice, so plaintive was its so terrible her anguish. "If I had never met you! Go away, Harry, go, for I dare not look at you again. Go, leave me, I entreat."

"I do not understand you, Maude," he gently said as he sat down by her side and attempted to take her hand.

"No," she cried, as she waved him off. "No, you do not understand me—and you never will. Once more I say, leave me."

"Maude, once I obeyed you when you said that—and I lost you. Now, I have found you and I mean to keep you. Darling, I have waited—wearily waited five long years for you. Come to me now, come, for I want you," he pleaded, and his strong arm stole around the slender form. She rose with a stifled shriek and turned her blazing eyes upon him.

"Man, are you mad?"

"No, but I *shall* be if you leave me again," he passionately, vehemently replied as he took her struggling form. "Darling, tell me what it is, for I swear I will not let you go again." Her head sank on his shoulder with a moan.

"I could not help it," she sobbed. "It would be so sweet to be loved—to be loved once, but you cannot do it again. Harry, you do not know what you say. Let me go," she implored, struggling to free herself, but his clasp only tightened. She ceased her struggles and remained passive in his arms. He laughed.

"Ah, little one, did you not know I would conquer at last? You escaped me once, but you cannot do it again. You will be my wife now, darling. Once I hesitated too long and lost my treasure, but I now say you will be my wife."

"No," but the inexpressible came so slowly and so low he could hear only by placing his ear near her mouth.

"My darling, do you not love me well enough to tell me husband?"

"I—do not," trembled from her cold lips.

"Do not tell me that," he cried passionately, "do not tell me that for—I do not believe it."

"Believe what you will," she answered wearily.

"My love, my only love," he said tenderly, so tenderly that she did not but believe him. "I have been a brute, but my love for you has controlled me so long, it makes me a savage for any one to—"

"Harry, let me go," she pleaded plaintively. Instantly his arms fell away from her form. She tottered off a few steps, then turned and put out her hand.

"Good-bye, dear friend, good-bye," she said with mournful pathos. He sprang to her side.

"No, by Heaven, it shall not be good-bye. I will see you again. I will follow you over the world, *make* you love me, aye, make you my wife. I will not be thwarted again in my dreams of happiness by a foolish mystery. You shall tell me what it is that parts us now—" She interrupted his fierce torrent of words.

"Harry, you are not yourself now. Some day you will find that you have been cruel to me, and—" He flung off her hand rudely, and walked rapidly away. She sighed.

"It is as well, perhaps," she murmured, the tears again falling over her cheeks, "but I could have wished we had parted friends and not—lovers. For I do, oh, I do love him. Let me say it to myself once, and then I shall lock up my heart from all love. Love is not for me."

And so they parted: these two who were so eminently fitted for each other; parted for the second time in their life. And this parting seemed to be forever, for Maude left the city that night, and Harry the next day took a steamer for Australia.

Five years ago Maude had been an orphan heiress. She was only seventeen, but quite old enough, she thought, to love and marry the handsome young lawyer, Harry Belmont, to whom she was not engaged, but whom she loved with all the fervor of her passionate Southern nature.

But Harry was poor and a man of honor. He would not declare himself till he had made a name, he thought, but while toiling for his double prize, Fame and Maude, Maude became piqued at what she considered indifference, and married a man forty years her senior, who, for three years, had been hovering around her like a vulture round his prey.

Ah! these pique-marriages! What terrible, terrible mistakes they are! Maude and her hoary-headed bridegroom went to Europe, of course, for is not this the panacea-trip for all miseries? She had not long to wait ere she discovered her mistake in marrying for pique. Henceforth her love was one of honor.

Mr. Sleighton was a cruel, heartless, selfish, jealous man, and knew that Maude loved Harry Belmont. This was enough. During the three years of life that yet remained to him, he made hers one of terror and almost madness. Whatever his fiendish nature could suggest to torture her, that he did. Once, in the dead of night, she tried, to escape, but he cunningly allowed her to deceive herself with the idea that she was free, when he coolly came upon her and led her back. Henceforth her life was such as beggars description.

At last, they came to an Italian village, famous for its wine & M. D's. They came hence for Mr. Sleighton's health which had been falling for a year. He secured the attendance of two of the best physicians, but all their skill availed naught. On the third anniversary of their ill-starred marriage, he gazed into Maude's face for the last time; but there was a fiendish, exulting glee in his eyes that made Maude shudder as she bade him a calm, eternal farewell.

Who can blame her if there was no grief in her heart for the death of the monster she had called husband? But, says the majority of femininity, "It served her right!"

She desired to carry out his wish to be taken back to America and placed in the family vault, and for this reason had his remains placed in a new vault, which held no occupant but the body of Mr. Sleighton. She took possession of the key, and when in a few days she was prepared to start on the mournful voyage home, she herself went to the cemetery to see that all was prepared as she desired. Her Italian servant took the huge key from her hand, inserted it in the lock, the bolt shot back, and the ponderous door slowly swung open. There was the coffin, *but the body was gone!*

With pale, terror-stricken faces the Italians came back.

"He is gone!" they gasped in a breath. Maude trembled with the horrible thought, "Could he still be alive?" The search for the body was vain. They had not the slightest clue to the mystery, and Maude was in her room preparing to leave on the morrow, when a black-bordered letter was handed to her as she sat at her toilet table. With shaking fingers she tore it open. Great God! *It was from her husband!*

With a shriek on her lips she sank on the floor a dead woman. Hearing the shriek, her maid ran into the room, placed her on the sofa, and strove to bring her out of the deathly faint.

Her mistress opened her blue eyes languidly.

"Ah!" she shudered. "It was horrible. What was it, Celeste?"

"Madame faded," the girl replied respectfully.

Maude put her hand to her head in a bewildered way. Then as memory asserted her sway, a long shudder crept over. She sank back with a moan.

"Bring me that letter by the toilet-table on the floor."

The letter was brought and as Maude read the blood seemed to freeze around her heart.

The fiendish hags of Tartarus have been cheated of their prey. They had a hard fight but—*I won.* You thought you were forever free of me, but when you read this you will find you never made a greater mistake. Did you think, my bonnie bride, I would give you such joy as to die and leave you free to return to the arms of your American lover? No! a thousand times, No! Go to him if you will, but—*I, too, shall be there!* Lest him dare to speak of love—let him dare to stamp his sweet Maude and—*I shall be there!* Go whom you will, I shall always be near you. You cannot conceal anything from me. He you make your husband I shall be him, but you know better. Dare to tell him anything, and my vengeance shall fall not on your head but on his, which you love a thousand times better than your own. You know it. You could never hide it from me. Farewell, now, my lovely, loving Maude, but not farewell for we *shall meet again.* Live in that terror!

HOWARD SLEIGHTON.

She sat like one turned to stone. What youth her horrible life had left died in that awful moment. She was only twenty, but she felt as if a hundred times twenty years weighed her down.

* * * * * * *

For two years she roamed over Europe, she turned her face America-ward. Why, she knew not, for her life there would be more loathsome than here. But she came to America.

* * * * * * *

The shock of Maude's marriage stunned Harry into inactivity for a time, then he removed to the bush. He lived for but one thing now—fame. Fame beckoned him on to the topmost pinnacle of her dazzling temple, and he panting followed in her beckoning finger till he could go but little higher. *He was famous.*

After his meeting with Maude, he left as we have said, for the distant fields of Australia. He sauntered from town to town over the country, then he turned his steps towards Italy, the house of Music and Art. Why he did so he could not tell.

"Only," he said dreamily, "only to die—and be buried." "And perhaps," his eyes taking on a far-away look, "perhaps some day she will come there and see my grave. Then will only have one "Maude's Faithful Harry," carved on the headstone. She will see that. She will understand and believe in my love then."

One day he came across a quiet, beautiful village, hidden in among the mountains, with a smooth mirror-like blue lake before it.

"I will rest here," he murmured, "rest and perhaps—die." He took rooms in the inn that had once been a handsome villa, but now scarcely a trace of its former grandeur could be seen.

That evening he was slowly walking down a grass-grown street when he came to a large white gate. He passed thro' the palings, then entered. A woman in black brushed hastily past him as he was closing the gate. There was something familiar about her carriage and form. A deep glow spread over his face, a bright light crept into his sunken eyes, his hands twitched nervously, eagerly.

"Maude!" he called. The woman turned. *It was Maude.* Without a word she glided into his outstretched, appealing arms. She let her head rest on his shoulder, her beautiful upturned face bathed in the dying sunset glory, that irradiated the western sky like a saint's.

"Thank God! you have come!" Her soft voice fell on his ear like a blessing. He stooped and kissed the trembling coral lips.

"My darling, my own at last!" he said. "But, Maude you will tell me all now—tell me why you were so cruel two years ago—tell me why we were parted."

"Yes, I will tell you all now. But let us go back to the cemetery. I spend a great deal of time here. It is so peaceful and so beautiful."

They entered the large gate again, her arm linked in his, and sought a seat under a wide-spreading flowering tree. As she told the story of her married life and the events of the last two years, a nightingale perched above them and began to collect his notes for the musical serenade, he treated his admirers to at eventide: the soft wind stirred the blossoms above and they threw a silent shower of perfumed petals into the lovers' laps, while the sunset glories turned from crimson and gold to blue and white and at last to a pearly grey.

"After we parted so abruptly," Maude said, "I went to New York, from thence to San Francisco, then back to our beautiful South. All this consumed a year, but the time passed slowly and heavily, and it seemed as if nights never would depart. At last," blushing at her own confession and speaking more softly, "I returned to Europe, for I thought I might see—you. He pressed the fluttering hand in silence and she continued. "From an unaccountable impulse I went back to the town where my husband died. You, died, for Harry," looking up suddenly and noticing for the first time that he had been the victim of a terrible conspiracy between Mr. Sleighton and the two physicians that attended him when he died. They were to have his body for them and they would deliver me a letter which he wrote before his death, purporting that he was not dead but lived to torture me." She took a packet-like letter from her side all well preserved females carry—from the folds of her dress and gave a letter to Harry to read. It was the same letter that had caused her such terror four years ago. When he had finished reading it and made suitable comments thereupon, she proceeded:

"When I returned to the town I have mentioned, one of the doctors, who was a young man and—I believe admired me, called to see me, and said he had an explanation to make. He told me of the plot between him, his brother M. D., and Mr. Sleighton. They had hired the vault for the body and had the key duplicated. When I went for the body—*it was already in readiness in their office.* When I discovered its absence then was the time to strike me. They had me closely watched and knew my every movement. So a few hours after I was locked back for the vault they sent the letter my husband had written. But oh, Harry," clasping her hands pathetically, "you can never, *never* know the anguish I have suffered."

"But thank God it is all over now," he fervently ejaculated, pressing her to his heart, this time without resistance.

As they walked back for the sun in the glorious moonlight, he looked down on her and said, "My darling, you will not make me wait? You will be my wife?"

"For the sake of Auld Lang Syne," she answered, with a happy, smiling mouth.

There was a quiet wedding in the inn parlor next day, and Maude and Harry no longer roamed apart, for they had become one.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

Mr. Trollope asserts that he does all his writing before breakfast. Mr. Tom Taylor said at a literary fund dinner at which Mr. Motley was present, that all his literary work had been done before official hours in the morning. H. J. Byron says he only writes two hours a day, but he takes credit for thinking a good deal. Mr. Hepworth Dixon literally writes from morning to night. George Eliot is at her desk six or seven hours a day. Mrs. Henry Wood writes every day until dinner time. Miss Braddon has been in the habit of writing from ten to sixteen hours every day, and only a couple of years ago her labor was so incessant that it turned her brain, and she had to lay down her pen for many months in the middle of a novel, which was finished by a friend.

WOLF-HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

BY AN EX-DIPLOMATIST.

While connected with the English Embassy, a few years ago, I received a very pressing invitation from Count Potowski to visit him at his castle in the country, about twenty leagues from St. Petersburgh, where he promised me some rare sport in hunting wolves. The castle stood upon a high eminence, commanding an extensive view of a level, open plain, which, at the beginning of a wilderness that stretched away unbrokenly for many and many a league. It was on this open plain, now covered with a heavy incrustation of snow, that the Count promised we should have our wolf-hunt.

Armed with double-barrelled guns and some five hundred ball cartridges apiece, the Count, a friend of his, and myself, set out one afternoon, in a troika (or sort of sledge), for the place where we were to begin our exciting sport.

The troika is large enough to give ample room for three persons besides the driver, and is drawn by three horses, from which fact it takes its name. These horses, trained for the purpose, are harnessed to it all abreast. The one in the centre, the principal beast to be relied on, moves with his head down, and always in a trot, and is called the "Snow-Eater;" while the two others gallop along beside him, with their heads loose, and are termed the "Furies." To manage all these properly, and keep the troika from upsetting, as it skims and dances over the frozen, glistening snow, up hill and down dale, requires a driver of great skill and experience. Ordinarily the upsetting of a troika may not matter so much, but when surrounded by a large pack of hungry wolves, it is certain death!

In such a sledge and such a manner, we set off, provided with provisions, for the scene of our exploits, carrying with us a half-grown hog, which was to serve us for bait. We reached our first destination just as the sun was sinking in his watery bed, and the full, round moon was rising to silver over the scene. Then the hog was taken out and attached to the troika by an iron chain, from four to six feet long, and the horses started forward at a brisk pace over the level, glistening plain. The hog began to squeal, and the Count turned to me with a laugh.

"How do you like the sport?" he said.

"I think I shall like it better when I see something to shoot, and this screeching brute ought to slaughter a little modified!" I replied, half-stopping my ears.

"You will have other noises to take off your attention presently," said the Count.

"Do you think we shall be fortunate enough to draw out any wolves this way?" I asked.

"Give me half an hour," rejoined the Count, "and if I don't show you more wolves than you would care to face a-foot, then consider me your debtor for what you please."

After going some distance, our hog, greatly to my relief, changed his tune from his shrill, ear-piercing squeal, into something resembling a mournful whine. The sun went down, and the moon rose in full splendor, pouring over the white, polished snow a brilliant light, that, by refraction, was rendered almost dazzling.

"Hark!" cried the Count, as a long, low, peculiar howl came sweeping over the plain; "did I not tell you so? There is our first answer to our complaining friend behind. And there again! do you hear? — there is another, and another!—we shall soon have work before us. See!" he almost immediately added, pointing away to the left; "there they come!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw, dimly in the distance, what appeared to be two or three small, moving shadows. As I looked to the right, and beheld more of the same kind; and on all sides we now heard those long, dismal howls by which one wolf calls to another, and I knew they were gathering in force, and would soon be around us.

Our chained hog continued his plaintive cries, and the wolves fell in behind, and pressed forward, till they came up within fifty yards, where, for a time, their timidity seemed to hold them. As their numbers increased, they crept nearer and nearer, the beasts at times appearing to spring from the earth in a mysterious way—their boldness increased also; and they gradually grew nearer and nearer, snapping, snarling, and growling, and so frightening our horses that the driver had much difficulty in holding them down to a reasonable pace.

Our hunting-dogs continued their plaintive cries, and the wolves fell in behind, and pressed forward, till they came up within fifty yards, where, for a time, their timidity seemed to hold them. As their numbers increased, they crept nearer and nearer, the beasts at times appearing to spring from the earth in a mysterious way—their boldness increased also; and they gradually grew nearer and nearer, snapping, snarling, and growling, and so frightening our horses that the driver had much difficulty in holding them down to a reasonable pace.

"Now the fellows begin to gather," said the Count, "let us begin our sport, and heaven send us a safe deliverance from its perils!"

With this, he fired two shots at the row of fiery eyes behind us. A sharp yelp followed, and one of the animals began to limp and fall back; whereupon the others, perhaps smelling his blood, sprang furiously upon him, tore him down, and devoured him in almost the time it takes me to tell of it. In two minutes more, the hungry beasts were pressing forward more eagerly than ever. I fired next, and brought down another, which was also torn to pieces and devoured in less than a minute; and then the furious beasts again drew nearer, and in still larger numbers.

From this moment, the animals increased with startling rapidity. For more than an hour we loaded and fired as fast as we could, and for every one we shot, it appeared to me as if there were half-a-dozen to take its place. Emboldened by numbers and a taste of blood, they pressed up closer to the troika, and I shall never forget the fierce, foremost bounding around and snapping at the poor hog, which was now terrified almost to death, and exerted itself to the utmost to escape from their sharp fangs.

Up to this moment I had been so busily engaged, and so excited with the sport, as to give no thought to our own danger; but now that the ball began to feel very uneasy, not to say alarmed. Where had all these beasts come from? and what was to be the end of the gathering? It seemed as if all Russia had poured them out on the spot. There must have been a thousand—perhaps five times that number—for I could not count them. They had arranged themselves in form of a crescent, the ends of which were resting on the hog, and the two wings reaching forward to the rear of the horses, which snorted with fear, and required all the skill of the driver to hold them. It was a wild, impressive sight, with just enough of danger to make it sublime. The heavens were clear, the moon round and full, the plain without a dark spot, the snow as white as milk, bright and glistening, with here and there a dim, light covering, over a hard crust, that flew up in silvery clouds, like the fine spray of a water fall; and over this we were dashing, with three fiery horses abreast, and a black, rolling cloud of wolves to the right, left, and rear of us, in the form of a crescent, their keen eyes looking like so many little balls of fire. We were all standing up, loading and firing, the Count directly to the rear, and his friend and myself to the right and left.

As I have said, I began to feel somewhat alarmed—for I saw that, should any accident happen, such as the fall of one of the horses, or the upsetting of the troika, we could scarcely hope to get off with life; but I did not like to mention my fears to persons who had so much experience as my companions.

At last, seeing that matters were steadily becoming worse instead of better, and that, great as were the numbers of our foes, they were still increasing, I ventured to say:

"Count, these ravenous beasts are pressing up very close!"

"Indeed they are!" he replied, taking a quick, keen survey of the whole scene. "They are getting pretty well forward, too!" he pursued, with an anxious glance toward the horses. "I confess I don't like that. What do you say, Paul?" he added, addressing the driver.

"My lord, I find it very difficult to manage the horses."

"Do you think we are in any serious danger, now, Paul?"

"I don't like to see the beasts creeping so far forward, my lord."

"Nor I, and I think we had better knock over a few of the foremost."

We now, by this, the Count's advice, directed our fire at the two horns of the crescent; but though we shot down the foremost with great rapidity, and continued to do so till not quite twenty-two had been killed, I could not perceive that it thinned them in the least, or had any good effect. We broke their regularity, and threw them into some confusion, it is true, but in a little while they were in advantage to us, I fancied worked against us, by causing them to become bolder, and press up around us still closer.

"Up and ply your whips!" exclaimed the Count, in a tone that betrayed some degree of alarm: "we must get out of this soon, or the beasts will be upon us! I never saw so many beasts in all my life, and I have shot till I am tired. Let me see. We must have fired some three hundred times apiece, and allowing that only every other shot has been effectual, we have brought down, say, five hundred wolves; and yet they are here, closing up around us, more numerous than ever—a countless legion! One trip, one stumble, and we are gone! How now, Paul, my brave lad—how are you going to get us out of this?"

"By giving the horses their heads, and letting them have their own turn to the left, so as to change the position of the whole body of pursuers at once."

"Are you sure of the animals?"

"I think I can trust them."

"And the troika, Paul?"

"I shall do my best, trusting to Heaven, my lord! I think the risk far less than risking as we are."

"Then save us at your will, Paul, and look to me for a handsome reward when you shall have put us safe within the castle gates!"

The next few minutes were exciting beyond anything I had ever experienced in my life. The driver shook the reins, gave a peculiar chirp, and off we flew, and the steeds, as anxious to escape as ourselves, sped away like the wind. I fairly held my breath, feeling that a crisis had come involving life and death. Away, away we flew, the keen air cutting our faces, the light snow blinding our eyes, and the little troika bounding over the glistening surface like a gallant boat on the sea-created billows. I watched the dark rolling cloud of living animals, with lolling tongues and eyes of fire, and saw, with a feeling of joy that I cannot express, that they were slowly but perceptibly falling behind; that we were gaining on them—inch by inch, it was true—but still gaining on them. If the noble horses could but keep at this speed, and no accident should befall us! We were all breathless with intensity of feeling—the single chirp or sharp whistle of our driver being the only human sounds that issued from our party.

Gradually the horses began to turn, slowly turn, in a broad circle to the left, so as to flank that body of wolves, and our noble steeds, as anxious to escape as ourselves, sped away like the wind. I fairly held my breath, feeling that a crisis had come involving life and death. Away, away we flew, the keen air cutting our faces, the light snow blinding our eyes, and the little troika bounding over the glistening surface like a gallant boat on the sea-created billows. I watched the dark rolling cloud of living animals, with lolling tongues and eyes of fire, and saw, with a feeling of joy that I cannot express, that they were slowly but perceptibly falling behind; that we were gaining on them—inch by inch, it was true—but still gaining on them. If the noble horses could but keep at this speed, and no accident should befall us! We were all breathless with intensity of feeling—the single chirp or sharp whistle of our driver being the only human sounds that issued from our party.

Gradually the horses began to turn, slowly turn, in a broad circle to the left, so as to flank that body of wolves, and our troika gracefully round, so as in a measure to face our snarling pursuers, surprise and fear for a moment threw them into confusion. Startled, terrified, and snuffed to pass through their dense ranks and gain a homeward start, before getting a clear comprehension that we were actually escaping and leaving them behind. Then, with loud, angry yells, they laid down in the chase, but were no match for our fleet runners, that every moment widened the space between them and their foes. Oh, how I loved the noble brutes that were so gallantly saving us!

"Heaven be praised!" burst in a yell from the excited Count; "bravo, my noble steeds, and bravo, gallant driver!—this night's work shall be remembered to you all!"

His words of rejoicing were instantly changed to a cry of consternation, for the horses stumbled, pitched forward, and came down upon his knees, checking up his companions almost instantly, and upon their backs. The whole troika, as if sharing in that death to all of us was threatened through him, made a tremendous struggle to regain their footing and pace; and with success, thank Heaven! or this tale had never been told.

In another half-hour the ravenous wolves were left behind us, and an hour saw us safe within the castle gates, uttering prayers of thanksgiving.

The next day we rode out upon the snowy plain, and found it strewn for miles with the carcasses of those wolves we had slain on that ever memorable night.

ADVANCES IN WEATHER SCIENCE.

Paris has now a public barometer, which is illuminated at night. It is large—the dial nearly five feet in diameter—of the ancrold kind, and is prominently placed in the upper story of the Palace Royal. It has taken the lead and is well in advance in practical meteorology. By a recent order of the Navy Department, the officers of Government vessels are required to take part in the system of simultaneous observations of the weather throughout the Northern Hemisphere; though we may soon have a Signal Station will not fall behind in the race.

The French Government takes pains to have the daily reports bear special reference to agriculture, giving warnings of storms to farmers.

England is making improvements in the method of communicating weather signals. Hitherto only a few have been engaged in the observations, but the results would seem inaccurate and unsatisfactory. British newspapers regarding this as a popular subject make displays of weather paragraphs, with diagrams.

Holland's exhibit of meteorological apparatus at Philadelphia last summer was the most splendid of any. The Royal Dutch Society of Science has offered through its secretary, Professor von Baumhauer, one of the Centennial judges, a gold medal for the best essay upon the connection between earth's meteorology and magnetism, and the spots on the sun. That such a connection exists, is no longer a subject of contempt or questioning among scientists. Last season was one of the driest and hottest ever known, and one of almost entire freedom from sun spots. From the interest awakened in this branch of science, great results may be expected.

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MANNER OF SALUTATION AND DINNER PARTIES IN THE EAST.

In the East the people are encircled by religious ideas. We see this in the simple meeting of two persons in the street. They convey—in a form of prayer—an earnest wish that the other may enjoy peace. Throughout the Bible this blessing forms the staple of salutation. Salem, or Shalom, means peace. The Bedouins of our time have the same idea embodied in their salutation. The Arab meets his friend with "May God grant you a happy morning!" "May God grant you His favors!" "If God grant it, you are well!" "May your shadow never be less." The difference here is very considerable, according to the rank of person saluted. The most common mode is merely laying the right hand on the bosom, and a little inclining their bodies; but to a person of great rank they bow almost to the ground and kiss the hem of his garment. Interiors, out of deference and respect, kiss the feet and knees or the garments of their superiors.

Oriental dinner comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish or Arab banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pillau or boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these; a great round plate of metal, with a plain fudge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible. It would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand alone is permitted to be active. There are no plates or knives or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered. These are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkins—and are often restored to the feast after dinner they wash their hands. An attendant or slave kneels with a metal basin in one hand and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the washer from a metal jug. Over his arm hangs an elegant embroidered napkin, for drying the hands upon. If a Turkish or Arab sheikh, effendi, or eminent invites, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in the New Testament—"Come, for the supper is ready." The fact that this custom is mainly confined to the wealthy and to the nobility is in strict agreement with the parable.

A REVOLUTION IN STATIONERY.

Some experiments in ink have recently been made which promise to create a diversion if not effect a revolution in fashions in stationery. A white ink or silver ink, and a gold ink have long been among the desiderata in writing fluids. The first of these has at length been obtained in perfection. It flows freely, makes a straight hair line and dries quickly. This suggestion, indeed, it demands—dark-colored papers—and several different kinds have been prepared, one consisting of solid cardinal red, another of solid carmine, another of navy blue, or rather "ink" blue, and a fourth of dark colors assorted. The novelty of the combination will be likely to strike young folks especially, and induce them with a desire to "try" the effect. Dark-looking missives may shortly be expected, therefore to bring their flight through the post office, and nervous ladies will need to take it for granted in receiving a sad-looking blue, black or brown letter, that have lost all their friends at one fell swoop.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO REMOVE INK FROM PAPER, put one pound of chloride of lime to four quarts of soft water. Shake well together and let it stand twenty-four hours, then strain through cotton cloth or paper. Use one teaspoonful of acetic acid to an ounce of the prepared lime-water, and apply to the blot, and the ink will disappear. Absorb the moisture with blotting paper. The remainder may be bottled, closely corked, and set aside for future use.

PRESERVE jars or bottles should be carefully washed as soon emptied, taking care that the stoppers and covers have their share of attention. To make assurance doubly sure, it is well to put soda or ammonia into the jars or bottles, fill up with water and let them stand an hour, putting the stoppers or covers into a bowl to soak in the same way. Then pour out and scald it out, wipe dry, set in a row or wind to air, and thus set away carefully.

STAINS ON MARBLE can usually be removed by a mixture of one ounce of soap, a piece of stone lime the size of a walnut, powder of a pound of whiting and the same amount of sand and soda. Mix these ingredients in fifteen minutes, and then put the mixture on the marble while hot. Leave this for twenty four hours, then wash off with clean warm water and polish first with soft flannel and then with chamois skin.

MUSTY coffee-pots and tea pots may be cleaned and sweetened by putting a good quantity of wood ashes into them and filling up with boiling water. Allow the stove to heat gradually till the water boils. Let it boil about time, then set aside to cool, when the inside should be faultlessly washed and scrubbed in hot soap suds, using a small brush that every spot may be reached, then wash two or three times, and wipe till well dried. It must be thoroughly done, for if the pots are not found perfectly sweet and clean if this mixture is strictly followed. Pots and pans of glass that may have stood for days and grown rancid, may be cleansed in the same way. Put the pieces into a pan with wood ashes and cold water, and proceed as above stated. If no wood ashes can be had, take soda. If coarse would clean three pans plates and baking dishes after this fashion and using them would keep sweet all the time.

KEEPING EGGS.—If living in the country, or situated so that your hen can keep stock, the time when eggs are most plentiful or at the lowest price, you are required to take part in the system of simultaneous observations of the weather throughout the Northern Hemisphere; though we may soon have a Signal Station will not fall behind in the race.

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Saturday Evening, March 31, 1877.

A HIDDEN SPRING

Passing through one of the worst streets of New York on a holiday, the writer came upon a crowd of low and hardened roughs engaged in an uproarious game of foot-ball. Back and forth the ball flew, to the accompaniment of boisterous shouts of laughter and profanity.

A little girl about four years old, poor and ragged, started to run across the street, was struck with great force by the ball, and thrown down into the gutter. Instantly there was silence; a dozen strong fellows rushed forward, the child was tenderly lifted, and not being injured was soon quieted by the sympathy and caresses of the crowd. It was a genuine spontaneous outburst of kindly feeling and tenderness as unlooked for as water from the heart of a rock; but the living spring was there, needing only the right touch to bring it forth from the depths of overlying hardness, sin and brutality. How to give that touch and bring the better nature to life, is the problem for those to study who would rescue the fallen.

A SERIOUS LITTLE MATTER.

Ladies, a word about your feet. It should perhaps be said at your feet—well it is aimed there—and very likely, like many well aimed words it may fall there, and be trampled on contemptuously.

First here is a secret which is no secret because every body knows it, and yet a secret because very few confess it; gentlemen do greatly admire handsome feet neatly clad.

Alas that so many of you should be taking such pains to spoil their shape by the absurd fashion of high heels. They throw the foot forward, forcing the toes into a crowded position, causing corns and bunions. Half the corn doctors derive their income from the effects of this fashion.

More than this, the elastic spring of the foot is almost wholly destroyed, and the whole gait and carriage of the body are made painfully awkward, especially by the small pointed heels, in vogue. The weight of the body comes down on the solid heel, not on the exquisite yielding arch made on purpose to receive it and lessen the jolt and fatigue of walking.

A few years since, good, sensible, broad soled, low heeled, roomy, comfortable, English walking shoes, placed our ladies on as good a footing as their fair cousins over the water; it is too bad that the French styles should now be permitted to take their place. Now, seriously, the milleniums will never come so long as France is allowed to tyrannize in the fashionable world, and so we utter this earnest word that you may help to make the road to it easier to travel.

CHURCH-GOING DOGS.

In the study which naturalists are giving to the mental traits and powers of the lower animals, many curious facts are brought out which are wholly unexplainable on the old theory of instinct.

Among these may be cited many well authenticated instances of the desire shown by dogs to accompany their masters to the place of worship.

The writer has known many such. In one instance, the family objected to the proceeding, and tried to stop it by shutting the dog up before leaving for church. This succeeded for one or two weeks, but afterward when Sunday came, doggie was nowhere to be seen, until arriving near the church there he was, awaiting their entrance and positively refusing to be driven back. He knew when Sunday came, and always continued to be out of the way in the morning, until at last he was permitted to go to church unmolested.

In Brooklyn N. Y., lived a dog known to the writer that for a long time was a regular attendant at the Reid Ave., M. E. Church. He conducted himself with eminent propriety, disturbed no one, and evidently enjoyed the services, for he was always at his place, whether any member of the family to whom he belonged was there or not.

One day the session of the church without just cause, rudely drove him back as he was about taking his accustomed place, and sent him pelping up the street: but he did not immediately return home. He took his course straight to the church of another denomination where he secured admission, and thereafter worshipped (in his fashion) regularly until his death several years after.

Two traits exhibited by many of the more intelligent species of dogs may lead to their desire of church-going. They may be attracted by the music, as it is well known that many of them delight in it, as indeed is the case with many other animals. A cat in the possession of the writer always seeks entrance to the parlor when the organ is being played and manifests her pleasure by purring, and in her own way asking an encore when the music ceases.

It is well known that dogs are no mean judges of human nature; that they will readily discern the humor of their masters and govern themselves accordingly. We have known a dog to utterly refuse to own or to take any notice of his master when the latter was intoxicated, and seemingly to manifest intense disgust. It is possible that having observed that men put on their best behavior, as well as their best clothes when attending church, the dogs find special enjoyment in their society at that time, and if one is improved by high association, then the practice of church-going dogs is certainly worthy of all commendation.

AHEM!

In the days of useful (?) misery, when we were being guided by a rattan through the mysteries of English grammar as expounded by Lindley Murray, we were best pleased with the part of speech called the "Interjection." First because so little was said about it, and so its story was soon learned.

Then it was such a lively little member; popping up here and there in a sentence like a frolicsome boy in a crowd of staid, grown people, and having just such an irrepressible way with it, that it appeared the most companionable part of speech for a youngster. It had too so direct and electric a vim; like the crack of a whip-lash, or the explosion of a fire-cracker.

In our youthful reading, the stories were favorites which were luckily studded with its sharp point! we could tell at a glance which pieces to skip; if there were none of these explosives, it must of course be wise and good and therefore out of the range of our sympathies, as that was before we had learned to be wise and good.

Maturer years have shown that the youthful instincts were not at fault in singling out the interjections for special regard. They may claim precedence in the history of language.

The baby's first feeble wail is expressed in these, the only forms of speech he knows, brought with him from other spheres, and alone surviving the wreck of his recollections of pre-existence: for many months they are a sufficient vernacular for all his wishes, woes, and wondrous thoughts. No other part of language ever bears such burden.

It is the root form, the universal element of vocal expression, and as such is well understood and used by all the lower creatures who click, buzz, pipe, bark, bray and bellow, each after his kind, and find ample scope therein for all their outgoings of thought by language. Thus it forms a most important link in tracing the advancement of species up to higher grades; they may lose their tails, shed their fur, feathers and horns, discard their trunks, sh ften their ears, and undergo most puzzling metamorphoses, but under every guise they hold fast this form of sound words.

Note especially how the interjection is the very condensation of expression; the essence of language: it is brevity abbreviated, and forceful accordingly—it will pierce between the joints which could withstand the heaviest blows of words of learned length and thunderous sound. The "Pish," of the skeptic has overthrown pyramids of polemics; the "Hallelujah?" of saints has driven consternation into the hardened ranks of sinners and brought them to their knees.

"Alas! sorrow fills my soul; grief makes weary my days and fills my nights with unrest; robs life of its brightness, obscures my thoughts so that I can no longer see truth or goodness, and spreads a pall over the universe."

Now then, strike out all after the word "Alas!" and you have the whole story told in a way that stirs the sympathy, the imagination and the understanding, better than a whole page of extension could do it.

The interjection is the rifle crack; the words which follow are only the echoes which reverberate among the hills and hollows. O that newspaper correspondents would apply these truths! How much eyesalve, patience, scratch-work, and "thankful declining" might we be saved.

Ah!

ANSWER TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

The puzzle below was published in the Post of January 27th, and a prize, "The Works of Charles Dickens in 14 volumes," was offered for the first correct solution which should be received before March 1st. We have waited some weeks after that date, thinking some one might hit upon the right answer before seeing it here, but not one correct solution has been received.

The puzzle was:

E c E h A r T
c c c c c c c c

The proper reading of it is: One c's with e e by h art over many c's, or; One seen with ease by a chart over many seas.

A Suggestion.—It is always in order to ask your friends and neighbors to share your pleasure in reading the Post. We do not complain of those who lend their papers, but commend their kindness, the more especially as we believe that those who examine a few successive numbers will desire to possess it for themselves.

Old fashioned Methodists were noted for the amen-ities of their worship.

GOMA.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Heavy hang the crimson roses
On the dew-damp mound,
As the sunlight, cold and silent,
Leaves the desolate ground.
Withered are the perfumed roses,
Tied with golden trees,
To the head of one called Goma,
Lying 'neath the grass.
O, shadows of all living beauties,
Why seek out her bed,
To be the dreams I dream for her,
Whose dreams are of the dead?
If I could only know thee now,
But life stands in the way,
Fie, I'll kill it—Love is better,
Than breath without its day!
Listen! 'tis the voice of Goma,
(Yes the wound is deep!)
Listen, 'tis the soul of Goma,
Singing in its sleep!
Swift rolls the mystic moonlight,
Twards an endless night,
Sweetly sings of Love fair Goma
In some awful light.
Sings to me in plaintive music,
Melting all the spheres,
While I seem to kiss my Goma,
Through eternal years!
Hark 'tis the music of Goma
Rippling o'er the grave,
As the silver mystic moonlight,
Dances o'er the wave.
Listen to her funeral
Breaking through dark death,
Melting words into that Heaven
Which even dead art still;
With my ear against the cold ground,
So then I may see,
Listen! 'tis the soul of Goma,

DICK THORNTON'S CORRESPONDENT.

BY SUSIE S. MORTON.

PART I.

"Ho! for the mountains! Hunting, fishing, sketching and driving, boating, croquet, and flirting!" cried Charlie Graham, enthusiastically, as he rushed into Dick Thornton's bachelor apartments, one evening, radiant with fun and excitement. "Come on, old fellow, put a few things together in your valise, and make your calculations to be with me to-morrow, on my four weeks' vacation!"

"Really, Graham, is that you?" drawled the elegant Dick Thornton, as he half-rose from his recumbent position on a violet sofa, and looked up at his enthusiastic visitor, to whom he presented a striking contrast. "You do take a fellow so by storm. I believe I was half asleep when you rushed in, in your whirlwind style."

"Dare say you were," said Graham, with just a touch of scornful sarcasm in his tones and the accompanying laugh. Then, as he drew back a few paces, and surveyed the lazily-reclining figure of his friend he went on:

"Upon my veracity! what a good-for-nothing fellow, you are, Dick! Too lazy to smoke even, for see, your segar has gone out. I'm half-ashamed to admit that I'm the friend of such a worthless party. Why, man alive, you ought to come down to my studio, and learn a few lessons from me. I don't pretend to be a model of usefulness myself, but I must affirm that my studio is a very Temple of Industry compared with this room!"

"There, there, now, don't you think you come down just a little too hard on a fellow, Graham?" remonstrated Dick, waving his cigar, languidly. "I admit, I do look indolent enough, just at present; but, the truth is, I've been performing a perfectly herculean task to-day and now I'm merely resting on my laurels."

"A herculean task, eh? Your usual one, of killing time, I presume," remarked Graham, carelessly.

"No, no! Something entirely new, something I never have tried before."

"Then I declare myself unable to conjecture the nature of it," said Graham as he dropped into an easy chair beside his friend and tossed his hat—a bewitching Panama—into the farthest corner of the room. "What was the nature of your labors, Dick?"

"Literary, my boy—partly literary."

"Ah, that's bad. Have you been writing an ode, or a novel, a sermon, or an essay, or —stay!—have you been writing sonnets to the fair Miss Leithmander?" and Graham's manner, as he demanded this, suddenly became fierce and menacing in the extreme.

"Oh, no! Believe me, Graham, I wouldn't willingly ruin your prospects in that way for the world," replied Dick, laughing merrily. "Listen, and I will tell you all. I am a young man, you know, all alone in the world, with neither kith nor kin, business, nor profession to tempt me into its withering arms, subjected to all the temptations of this great, wicked city. I am naturally of a very active disposition, don't smile, Graham, it looks very disrespectful) activity is the soul of my existence. Of late, I have been experiencing a total stagnation. All my former amusements have lost their charm, and life is rapidly becoming to me a burden. In this sad dilemma, what do I do? Set my brains at work, to devise some new scheme for my amusement. A happy thought seizes me! I seize pen and paper and write the following:"—and taking up a crisp, fresh newspaper from the floor near his sofa, Dick read from the column of "Personals:"

"A young gentleman of good family—handsome, wealthy, and highly educated, would like to correspond with an affiable young lady, under twenty years of age, in the same station in life. Object, a little innocent amusement, mutual benefit and perhaps, matrimony. Address, DICK DASHINGTON. Look Box —, Post office, Phila."

"Good gracious, Thornton!" and Graham leaned forward slightly towards his friend, while his face, which had paled, opened wide with astonishment. "Are you in earnest? Do you really intend to try that game?"

"Looks very much like it, does it not?" drawled Dick carelessly as he folded up the paper and tossed it aside again. "Why not? It is an original idea, the first fellow who ever tried it. Why, who knows what may grow out of such a nonsensical affair as this?"

"Who, indeed? Not you, Dick; but, mark my word, now,—mischief will grow out of it, if nothing else," said Charles, ominously. "Come, Dick, don't be so absurd. If you're really dying of ennui, I'll promise you a new lease of life, a renewal of youth, and more fun than you've ever had before, in ten years' time, if you'll go with me, to-morrow."

"No use, Graham; arguments have no effect upon me," said Thornton obstinately. "The most glittering inducements that you could hold out, would not move me from my determination. This is an entirely new field for my talents to operate in, and I'm resolved to try it, and see what it will lead to."

"Very well, then, have your own way about it," said Graham, rising with a half-impatient shrug of his shoulders. "You'll get yourself into some ridiculous scrape, just as sure as you persist in such nonsense. But there!—I needn't worry on your account, after all. You're safe enough, I'll wager; for their isn't a girl anywhere, with one grain of common sense, who would condescend to notice such an advertisement or who would think of the advertiser otherwise than as a vain, conceited coxcomb."

"Upon my life! Graham do you really think so?" said Dick, also rising in his languid way, and facing his friend. "I'll wager a dozen cigars that when we meet again, four weeks from to-night, on my return from the mountains, I will have my trophies to display in the shape of letters and a lady's photograph."

"Done!" and Graham laughed and held out his hand. "Then you'll not go with me? Well, then, old fellow, good-bye. I start by daylight to-morrow."

"Remember—a dozen cigars," were Dick's parting words. "Good-bye, good-bye!"

PART II.

Charlie Graham's vacation of four weeks was quickly over, and he returned to the city. Arriving on a late afternoon train, his first step, after a hasty dinner at his restaurant, was to call upon Dick Thornton, and look in upon that gentleman with his usual unceremoniousness and taking him quite by surprise.

Verily one might have envied Dick Thornton, for he was the very picture of indolent repose and happiness. He was reclining in a crimson lounging-chair, under a brilliant flood of gas-light, while slippered feet reposing on a velvet of roses, and eyes fixed in rapt attention on the lofty, frescoed ceiling, he appeared quite absorbed in some rose-colored reverie.

An elegant cigar-case lay on the writing-table at his elbow; but he was apparently above the need of even the consolations of the weed, for a delicate cigar was lightly held idly in two slender fingers, was rapidly going out, until only a faint red spark remained, amid a wreath of pale ashes.

There was an exceedingly self-satisfied smile lurking around his moustache, as if his thoughts were of a very agreeable nature; and when Graham approached him, he heldenly extended him. Thornton started as if he had been shot and turned around quite flushed and conscious-looking.

A merry interchange of greetings followed and for a time Graham was enthusiastic in his glowing reports of "Oh, such an elegant time!" that he had had during his trip.

Then as he subsided a little from these rhapsodies, he added abruptly and with a mixture of vexation and curiosity in his manner:

"And now, Dick, how about our wager? You see I've not forgotten! Are the cigars to come out of your pocket or mine?"

"Yours, of course, couldn't you tell me so?" rejoined Dick, triumphantly, as he turned to his writing-desk. "Here they are, letters and photograph—and oh! such an angel as it is! Why, man, I'm in love, absolutely, hopelessly, desperately in love—as you, yourself, will be when you see her photo."

"In mercy, then, don't let me see it?" cried Charlie, striking a tragic attitude, as Dick, unlocking his desk, took out a small package of letters.

"I don't propose to show you the picture, till you've seen the letters,—then, you *shall* see the seraph who writes such divine nonsense, though it be at the peril of your heart! Here is the first letter; read it and then wonder, if you can, that it made every nerve within me thrill with exalted emotion and inspired me to do my prettiest in answering."

And Charlie, taking a dainty sheet of note-paper from Dick, read as follows:

(Miss Nellie Nettleby to Dick Dashington.)

"Brandon-on-the Hudson.
"August 30.——.

"Mr. Dick Dashington—Seeing your 'Personal' in to-day's edition of the *Trumpet*, I called distractedly to read a delightful episode in my own experience, one year ago, travelling last summer in company with a few friends in the vicinity of the Glen Mountains, we chanced to sojourn our a few days at the Glen Mountain House, a very fashionable resort; and, while there, my affections were unfortunately, although, from that time until this, I have never seen nor heard of the gentleman again.

"But the *very instant* I saw your advertisement, I knew you were indeed my Glen Mountain Hero, and I felt that I had a *perfect right* to answer it and let you know that I still remember our friendly inter est. Isn't it *romantic*, Mr. Dashington that after so long a time, what happen to see your advertisement, and that thus an opportunity to renew that delightful flirting acquaintance should be opened to us?

"I am just dying of anxiety to know whether you remember me, but am confident that you *must* since I remember you so well.

"Please write me soon and tell me, for if you do remember, it will be as good as a whole five volume romance!

"Very truly your friend.

"Miss Nellie Nettlery."

"What the dickens does she mean?" demanded Charlie, with a puzzling air, as he finished reading this epistle. "You never saw her did you, Dick?"

"Just as sure as my name is Dick Dashington," responded Dick, gravely; whereupon Charlie stared as if a new light dawned upon him.

"It struck me as a peculiarly happy thought, this Glen Mountain House fiction," Dick went on in a wonderfully animated way," and I fell in with the idea at once. Don't you want to hear what I wrote in reply? I kept a copy for your especial benefit," added Dick, blandly.

"Ah, that's good! Of course, I wish to hear both sides of the correspondence,—what *he* says,' and then 'what *she* says,' as Betsey Prig wonder would say," rejoined Charlie, merrily. "Go ahead, old fellow: I'm *just dying* of curiosity,' you know, to hear what you wrote."

"It's artful," was Dick's altogether unnecessary piece of information, as with a curious flush and smile he took up the copy of his own effusion. "But here goes for it!"

Dick reads:—

(Dick Dashington to Miss Nellie Nettleby.

"Nellie, Darling!—And I think you *are* a darling for sending me such a charming letter. Many, many thanks! Your precious missive was brought me this morning just as I was preparing to go down to my office, and oh, such a ray of sunshine as it brought with it! All this day long passed as usual amid the whirl and turmoil of business, has been gilded by it. I have perused the pages of Blackstone and Coke and transfigured even the most prosaic of my surroundings, shedding a halo of romance over everything. And now this evening, when the business cares of the day are over, and silence reigns supreme around me, we sit have a real friendly chat on paper, won't we, Nellie?

"And so we two have really met, at the dear Glen Mountain House! Ah, yes, well do I remember the beautiful young lady whom I met there last summer, and with whom I commenced such an animated flirtation. And how charmed and proud am I to learn that she still remembers and takes a friendly interest in me, and that she took the trouble to ascertain my name. Ah, how fortunate that you did so, Nellie, for had you not, the great happiness of this re-union might never have been ours. I also endeavored to learn your name, but alas! some fatality prevented that as well as the introduction I sought.

"But ever since that brief meeting your sweet face has lingered in my memory, never ceasing to haunt me; for, Nellie, it was not all a trifling flirtation with me, but a deep irremovable love, the first and only time that the tender passion ever conquered me. And now, what unexpected happiness,—what supreme blessedness do I see before me,—even the prospect of once more looking into your dear eyes, touching your hand, and hearing your sweet, sweet voice! For may I not some time call on you at your home on the Hudson? I do so want to see you again, and now live in the dear hope that I may at some not very distant day; but in the meantime, dearest friend Nellie, will you not confer upon me the inexpressible favor of sending me your photograph? I enclose one of your humble servant in order to establish my identity, as the Mr. Dick Dashington, of the Glen Mountain House, beyond all doubt.

* * * * * * *

"And now, Nellie, poor me is so tired—not of writing to you, oh, dear, no!—but my legal duties have to-day been unusually exhausting, and I fear that if I should continue to write, much as I like to do so, I would weary rather than interest you. Be a dear, good Nellie, and write again very *soon*. Take the best care of your own dear self, and with lots and heaps of all good wishes for you, and in the hope that you may soon need, and will one very *good night* to you, Nellie, believe me to be

"Your friend and well wisher,
"Dick Dashington."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" remonstrated Charlie, leaning back in his chair and laughing, as Dick, still flushed and conscious-looking, glanced up at him. "How dare you play the part of a gay deceiver, in this bold manner? For aught you may know, swift retribution may yet overtake you for this amusement. But pray, let me hear what the fair Miss Nellie wrote in answer to your gushing effusion. Why, bless me, Dick," he added, with a keen, laughing glance at his friend, "if I don't believe this is half in earnest with you! Come, now, own right up like a man,—aren't you madly in love?"

"Nonsense, Graham, how absurd," said Dick, coloring and putting the question aside. "It's the jolliest lark I ever had—that's all. But here is Nellie's next. Shall I read it? Very good!"

Dick reads:—

(Miss Nettie Nettleby to Dick Dashington.)

"Dear Mr. Dashington:—Your letter came promptly with your photo enclosed; and, oh! such a joyful surprise as your photo was! As I gazed upon it, that brief, *happy* time in my last summer's trip came up to my mind, and I saw before me—not in a day-dream as has often been the case, but in a reality,—the dear and well-remembered face of Dick Dashington! * * * unclose my photo, and if you recognize it as instantly as I did yours, your memory will indeed be excellent! I dare not trust myself to write longer now. Adieu, dearest friend.

"Nellie Nettlery."

"Short and sweet! Now, where's the photo?" demanded Charlie.

"Wait, wait, we're coming to that," said Dick hurriedly, turning over the letters. "But first let me read you my last, for I rather think it caps the climax of this affair. Here it is."

Dick reads:—

(Dick Dashington to Miss Nellie Nettleby.)

"My Nellie Darling!—Oh, that I might, that it were within my power, to annihilate the distance that separates us; oh, that I were possessed of some magic that could take me at once to your side this evening. There I could breathe in elegant utterance the words which, instead, I am compelled to entrust to this cold, white, unfeeling paper. Ah, how little idea I can thus convey to your mind, of the intensity of my feelings; yet, Nellie, believe me, even the most extravagant expression that I may utter will be inadequate to express my rapture, as I now gaze upon your photograph, and see in it the fair, angelic face that has so long been my dream—the face of the one, and the only one, whom I have ever loved. Yes, Nellie, you must have known—have guessed—before this, how deeply, how devotedly I loved you. I had hoped, had intended, to tell you this face to face; but I cannot wait, now, until we meet. I can no longer maintain silence. The sight of your photo has compelled me to speak. Here's my heart, oh, Nellie darling, say that thou will give me thine! And if you don't want to break my heart entirely, promise that you will call me Mr. Dashington again. Let it be Dick! Do not keep me in suspense.

Yours, if you'll have me,
Dick Dashington."

"Her answer," resumed Dick, not noticing the look of astonishment in Charlie's countenance, "is more brief, and equally to the point. It is simply this."

Dick reads:

(Miss Nellie Nettleby to Dick Dashington.)

Oh, Dick! To think that you should really love me! I am thine, ever, tenderly thine.

Nellie.

"There!" and Dick leaned back languidly in his chair, with an indolent laugh. "That is the whole of the affair, so far as it has proceeded. What say you, Charlie? Have I not won the wager?"

"Yes, and dearly enough, I'm afraid," returned Charlie, shaking his head gravely. "But now, what mad-cap thing do you propose to do next?"

"Really, Graham, you have asked me too much!" protested Dick, languidly. "My plans have at this point lost definiteness. Very probably I shall let the whole affair drop."

"Ah, if you can! These letters will all sound remarkably well in the breach-of-promise case that Miss Nellie will probably be instituting."

"How can she? The dear creature is welcome to do her prettiest, if she can only find Dick Dashington. For my part I don't know any such fellow."

"But your photograph—didn't you send her your photograph? She might identify you by that."

"Oh, yes, my photograph!" echoed Dick, half to himself, while his eyes suddenly flashed with a wicked twinkle.

"Dick, Dick Thornton!" was Dick's altogether unnecessary piece of information, as with a curious flush and smile he took up the copy of his own effusion. "But here goes for it!"

"Graham, what are you saying? Do you fling this charge at me?" demanded Graham, stern, yet bewildered. "If you do, I utterly repudiate it. I declare it false, absurd and unfounded!"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Graham, proof has more weight with me than mere unsupported assertion," said Dick, the twinkling eyes and changing color betrayed a deep excitement beneath her proud composure. "While you assumed another name, you were incautious enough to leave your photograph; and now, by this innocent witness, I convict you!"

As she spoke, Gussie drew from her jaunty chatelaine a small card, which she placed in Graham's hand. Good Heavens! It was his own photograph, and underneath was written, in Thornton's dashing hand, the words: "Forever thine, Dick Dashington."

All at once the truth flashed over Graham's mind. Like a ray of sunlight came the solution of this affair. Thornton had sent, not his own, but Graham's photograph; but who, (if not Gussie, and now Charlie doubted that,) who was "Nellie Nettleby"? A strong revulsion of feeling came over him at the discovery he had made; his whole manner and expression changed.

"Gussie," he exclaimed, "Gussie, I have been the victim of an unprecedented practical joke, but I can easily prove to you my innocence of the offence with which you

"Have you dared, Thornton, have you *dared* to write so to *her*? To trifle, to write such letters, to *insult* her; yes, and not only her, who deserves nothing better, but me as well! I will see you again, sir, in reference to this. I will demand satisfaction. Yes, sir, the satisfaction of a gentleman!"

And before the petrified Dick could utter one word, Charlie had turned away, and in his furious anger he strode from the room.

PART III.

Charlie Graham had never in his life been so nearly beside himself with anger as he was that evening. As he walked rapidly to his own apartments, his brain seemed actually on fire. Gussie Raymond, his own sweet, truthful Gussie, as he had fancied her to be, had she indeed been Thornton's correspondent, the writer, under an assumed name, of those letters? It seemed incredible, yet it must be true; for was not that her photograph, her very own, a perfect *fac-simile* of the one which had given Charlie Graham, and which he had carried ever since next his heart, and kissed rapturously every day!

For months Charlie had adored Gussie Raymond; for six weeks he had been engaged to her, and his happiness had, since then, been unclouded, save by the freak which had prompted that letter, and by forbid him to write to her, and to refuse to write to him, when she went away to spend a few weeks with her uncle's family, residing in a beautiful town up the Hudson.

And now, what did he discover? That Gussie had been amusing herself during those few weeks, and while he, (Charlie) as she probably knew, was away as the White Mountains, carrying on a fast correspondence with a stranger whom she had never seen! This was truly an offence that Charlie could not easily ask or forgive; and accordingly, his stern resolution was taken. He would write to her the instant he reached his rooms, and doubtless a furious letter it would be, tearing her own fair engagement, and renouncing her forever!

An admirable plan, no doubt, but never carried out.

For when he entered his room, flushed and breathless from his rapid walk, the first thing that met his eye was a small, white letter, lying on his desk, a letter which had been awaiting him two days. Led by some impulse, Charlie caught it up and hastily broke the dainty seal.

What met his eyes?

Within the white, folded sheet lay a sparkling solitaire, the engagement ring that he had placed on Gussie's finger; and accompanying it were the few, cold words:

Mr. Graham:—Return your ring and beg you to understand that our engagement is forever at an end.

Gussie Raymond.

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at his feet, Graham could not have been more electrified. The color came and went rapidly in his countenance, and he stood for a few moments motionless and almost speechless with the shock of his varied emotions. His anger at Gussie forgotten for the moment, his deep, loyal love for her asserting itself loudly in his heart, he read and re-read these delicately-written words, trying blindly to realize their meaning. Then his scattered senses all concentrated, and in a flash his course was decided upon. He would take an early train, and be still early—go directly to Gussie, and hear from herself a solution of this mystery.

It was about nine o'clock when Charlie Graham, ringing the door-bell at Dr. Raymond's residence, inquired for Miss Gussie. He was ushered into a dimly-lighted parlor, while his card was taken up stairs, and during the interval that he waited for Gussie to appear, he paced the floor restlessly in his excitement and impatience.

As he approached the open parlor-door in the course of his promenade, a young lady, Gussie's cousin, was passing through the hall. The instant her eye fell upon Graham she uttered a faint, half-suppressed shriek, and stood staring at him for a half-minute, with an expression of countenance bordering upon absolute terror; then, before Charlie could recover from his blank astonishment at this unheard-of proceeding, she had turned and fled up the stairway, precipitating herself into the arms of Gussie, who was coming down, with the frantic exclamation:

"Oh, Gussie, Gussie, it is *he*—Dick Dashington! Oh, Gussie, what *shall* I do?"

"Hush, Nell," Gussie's sweet voice responded, lelly, "leave him to me, I will attend to this case."

And the next moment Gussie Raymond had swept down the stairway and into the parlor, meeting Graham, who looked cold and stern, with a formal, haughty bow.

Before speaking, Charlie drew from his pocket her note, ring and all, just as he had received it, and held it out toward Gussie. She just glanced at it, and then inquiringly at him, but deigned neither comment nor question.

"Miss Raymond," said Graham in intense but perfectly controlled tones, "I have come to demand an explanation of this."

"An explanation, sir?" she repeated, haughtily, while the color deepened for an instant in her cheek. "The only explanation and apology which are due, you owe to me!"

"I owe to you? Good Heavens, Gussie, what have I done?" cried Graham, impetuously.

"Very little, perhaps, when judged by your own standard," returned Gussie, with an overwhelming scorn in her tones. "Nevertheless, I consider it a sufficient reason for canceling my engagement with a man when I discover that he has been amusing himself by carrying on, under an assumed name, a reckless correspondence with a young lady whom he has never seen nor heard of before."

"Gussie, what are you saying? Do you fling this charge at me?" demanded Graham, stern, yet bewildered. "If you do, I utterly repudiate it. I declare it false, absurd and unfounded!"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Graham, proof has more weight with me than mere unsupported assertion," said Dick, the twinkling eyes and changing color betrayed a deep excitement beneath her proud composure. "While you assumed another name, you were incautious enough to leave your photograph; and now, by this innocent witness, I convict you!"

As she spoke, Gussie drew from her jaunty chatelaine a small card, which she placed in Graham's hand. Good Heavens! It was his own photograph, and underneath was written, in Thornton's dashing hand, the words: "Forever thine, Dick Dashington."

All at once the truth flashed over Graham's mind. Like a ray of sunlight came the solution of this affair. Thornton had sent, not his own, but Graham's photograph; but who, (if not Gussie, and now Charlie doubted that,) who was "Nellie Nettleby"? A strong revulsion of feeling came over him at the discovery he had made; his whole manner and expression changed.

"Gussie," he exclaimed, "Gussie, I have been the victim of an unprecedented practical joke, but I can easily prove to you my innocence of the offence with which you

charge me. But, now, on my part, I demand: Can you explain to me how it comes that Dick Dashington, otherwise my college friend Richard Thornton, has in his possession, at this moment, your photograph?"

"My photograph, Charlie? My photograph!" repeated Gussie, in alarm. "What do you mean? Truly, I cannot explain it, for I did not know that such was the case. Oh, do believe me, Charlie, I did not!"

And Gussie, with a truly injured, proud, sorrowful manner remaining, clasped her hands entreatingly, and looked up into Graham's stern face with an irresistible appeal in her beautiful eyes. Instantly a flush of joy swept over Graham's features; he moved quickly forward, and taking her hands in his, exclaimed:

"My darling, my own Gussie, how could I have been so mad as to believe you capable of it? I can scarcely ask you to forgive me, for wronging you so, for I feel unworthy of your forgiveness. But who, Gussie, who is 'Nellie Nettleby?'"

"Nellie Nettleby"—oh, shall I break my word and betray her? Yet she has no claim upon me, brainless after treating me so cruelly, for now I understand all," said Gussie, incoherently.

Then, before another word could be spoken, the door of the adjoining parlor was thrown open, and the young lady whose composure had been so disturbed at the sight of Graham a few moments before, rushed in. She threw herself at Gussie's feet in a perfect abandonment of alarm and confusion, and exclaimed hysterically:

"For Heaven's sake, forgive me, Gussie, and promise that you will never tell papa! Oh, promise me! *promise me!* PROMISE ME!"

"Nellie Raymond," said Gussie, in a clear ringing tone of accusation, "did you send my photograph to that gentleman to whom you were writing, instead of, as you represented to me, sending him your own?"

"Yes, yes, Gussie! Oh, I did!" the terrified Nellie confessed, "I sent him yours; I thought it would be such fun to make him believe that it was my picture."

"And he matched your 'fun' in an equally fair and honorable way," said Gussie, with cutting irony, "for instead of sending you his own, he sent you Mr. Graham's photograph. It was 'diamond cut diamond,' you see!"

Nellie Raymond knelt, with clasped hands, the very picture of terror and dismay. A few paces from her stood Gussie, proudly erect, and slightly pale with anger, which was so fully justified; and at Gussie's side Charlie Graham stood, with folded arms, grave, silent, yet with a suppressed impatience for the *denouement* of this interesting little scene betraying itself in his manner.

Suddenly remembering him, Gussie turned with a sweet penitence in her face and manner, and exclaimed in a quick, low tone:

"Oh, Charlie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Ten thousand times, my precious, even if I had not so much cause to ask for your forgiveness!" cried Charlie, rapturously, as he enfolded her in his arms, forgetful of the girlish figure that knelt, motionless as marble, in the centre of the room. "Will you wear this again for me, love?" and, as he read the answer in her eyes, Charlie slipped the sparkling solitaire once more on Gussie's white finger, and Heaven was restored to the two lovers.

Just then Graham's glance wandered to Nellie Raymond's kneeling figure. A smile merry, yet half pitying, came into his eyes, and bending his curly head he whispered tenderly to Gussie:

"Shall we not forgive her, darling? She is thoroughly frightened at the unexpected turn affairs have taken, and I'll venture to predict that she will never try anything of this sort again!"

Gussie was quick to assent. Going over to her cousin, she said, taking Nellie's hand in hers:

"Nellie, promise me that you will never do such a mad-cap thing again, and I give you my solemn assurance that neither Uncle Raymond nor any one else shall ever hear of this escapade."

Nellie made the most extravagant promises and protestations; then, without looking at Graham, whom she had not noticed by look or word since she entered the parlor, she rushed away to her own room, after kissing Gussie repeatedly, in her wild gratitude.

As to Dick Thornton, old, familiar college friend though he was, Charlie Graham could not pass lightly over the offense. When, the next day, he returned to the city it was with the full determination to give the graceless Dick a lesson that he would never forget as long as he lived. But upon reaching his own rooms he found awaiting him a note from Thornton, who, he learned upon inquiry, was already off, *en route* to California. The note ran thus:

"Don't shoot me, Charlie, though I richly deserve it, but never dreamed of such fearful consequences. Lightly did it for a lark, and would rather have had my right hand off than to have offended you so. Can you ever forgive me, old fellow?

DICK THORNTON."

There was a peculiar smile in Graham's blue eyes, as he read the note, and for the moment a feeling of the utmost scorn and contempt for the recreant Dick crept over him. Then he said to himself as he tore the note up and tossed it aside:

"Hereafter I shall understand my friend Dick Thornton better. I have always known him to be a reckless scapegrace; I now know him to be an absolute coward!"

But time brought a modification of Charlie's opinion of that young gentleman. Dick Thornton, instead of going to California, embarked for Europe, and remained almost two years. When he finally returned home, wonderfully improved, handsomer than ever, and "so very distinguished" in appearance, that all the fairer portion of fashionable Philadelphia went wild over him. Graham and Gussie were married, and the happiest couple that ever presided over a "brown-stone front," and Charlie, with the generosity and warm-hearted gaiety which, received his old college friend back with open arms, forgiving all the past, and imperatively hushing Dick up when the latter, with some embarrassment, began an apology.

Dick was delighted at the reconciliation, and he was at once installed as favorite, and privileged friend, in Graham's domicile, as he was there that, during the season, he first met Gussie's cousin, Nellie Raymond, with whom, being very much struck at first sight, he soon became desperately in love. But it was not until after he had successfully wooed and won her, that Charlie told the wonderful secret at which Gussie and he had so often and smartly laughed in private.

But when, in the midst of his laughing and cousinly congratulations to the beatified Dick, and the charming Nellie, Charley begged leave to introduce his "dear friend," Dick Dashington, to Miss Nellie Nettleby, whom he (Dick) doubtless remembered having met at the Glen Mountain House, a few years since," a scene ensued which we leave to the reader's own imagination.

No very serious consequences followed, however, for within a few months the marriage of Dick and Nellie was consummated with great *eclat*.

Thornton has never been known since then to want a correspondent; and as to Dick Dashington, he lives only in the memory of his friends!

AN UPLAND WINTER NIGHT.

BY MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

Fierce the storm-blast swirles and surges,
Blindin' night-drifts sweep the sky:
Whilst bonnie the silent peat fire
Silent sit my wife and I.
And the collies watch and listen
In a silent strange unrest,
Glowerin' sadly in our faces,
As wi' sympathy impressed.
Neighbors we hae nane to crack wi',
Dreary nights like this to cheer;
Wild and wundious voices only
Moanin' on the night we hear.
In the glen the barn is roarin',
Fierce the fox barks on the hill,
And the fir wood's fitfu' moanin'
Brings a melancholy thrill.
And on snaw-bound door and window
Mystic strokes the pauses fill;
A' without is wild and restless,
A' within is hushed and still.

So we sit and broad and listen,
Unrelieved by warmth or light;
For a sadness steals upon us
Wi' the wildness o' the night.
Even memory fails to picture
Simmer's showrin' hills and skies;
For the past dies in the present,
A' the light in shadow lies.
But though far true friendly faces,
And though dowie itka heart,
We repines to say Without murmur
We accept our humble part.
Life is mingled wi' joy and sorrow
By the Will that rules it a';
And we strive to take the portions
Meetly that to us may fa'.
Still, we can but braid and listen.
As if deed were our light,
For a sadness hangs around us
Wi' the wildness o' the night.

"THREE CENTS."

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Bachelor Joe Willis came down the stairs and stepped upon the sidewalk in no very good humor. As he walked sharply to the right, his eye, half unwittingly thrown downwards, took in something which lay glittering upon the pavement.

Being born with the bump of economy large, that quality had scrupulously to stoop down and pick it up; but being, as we have stated, in a bad humor, he only grumbled out a "Humph! It's a three-cent piece." Then he pushed on down the street.

Foolish man! could he not feel that this three-cent piece was his destiny.

Half an hour previous, in a small, sparsely-furnished, but scrupulously neat room, a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, from whose cheek poverty and hard work had not yet taken all the bloom, sat sewing.

By her side stood a boy of eight or nine, whilst upon the uncarpeted floor was playing a girl of perhaps half that age.

The afternoon had crept on but slowly for the little one, and little one had more than once looked up to flap out the query whether ma wasn't "most done."

The stitches flew fast but wearisomely, and the face of the worker spoke volumes as to her wishes, but still she answered:

"No, Mary."

At last she ceased for a moment, and cast doubting looks, first at the small boy, and then at the smaller girl.

"John, could you not take Mary out with you, and walk a little? Don't go far; and then you may stop at the store where we were last night, and buy mother a candle."

"Yes, mother," was the answer, stoutly given, and soon, with his little hand clutched tightly over a three-cent piece, John led his sister down the narrow stairs and out into the scarcely less narrow street.

The injunction was not to go far, but the store was nearly three blocks away, and the two had walked to the end of the square before the first novelty of the expedition had worn off.

Then they heard a clattering noise in the distance, and paused and huddled together by the curbstone, half in expectancy and half in fear.

The noise sounded louder and clearer. Around the corner like a whirlwind dashed a runaway horse, and a fragment of a buggy clinging to him. He lurched from one side of the street to the other as he ran, and neither stopped or cared for the little children, but with a shriek of terror they paled and frightened, at the edge of the pave.

Prince or beggar, tend-r infant or gray-haired old man, was all the same to this frightened steed, who swept at and over the frightened couple, and then dashed on, leaving a bloody, tumbled, half-crushed mass of little humanity lying in a confused and scarcely recognizable heap.

The empty street filled. From hitherto unknown doorways, and areas, and lurking places, there poured out swarms of men and boys and half-clad girls, who gave a look and a shout for the fleeing animal, and two looks and their sympathy to the wrecked infants by the curbstone. Tenderly the hands of rough-coated, shaggy-visaged men, raised the little victims and bore them to a neighboring shop, where they might receive some attention, even if they were those unfortunates that come under the denomination of that dreary word "last."

They were merely children, as they lay there upon the counter, their heads supported upon bundles of wrapping paper.

They were pretty children, for all their torn clothes and blood-smirched brows; and the sympathy of that crowd was drawn towa-ds them doubly, since it was so patent that they were some poor woman's darlings, who knew not the desolification of Charlie's opinion of that young gentleman. Dick Thornton, instead of going to California, embarked for Europe, and remained almost two years. When he finally returned home, wonderfully improved, handsomer than ever, and "so very distinguished" in appearance, that all the fairer portion of fashionable Philadelphia went wild over him. Graham and Gussie were married, and the happiest couple that ever presided over a "brown-stone front," and Charlie, with the generosity and warm-hearted gaiety which, received his old college friend back with open arms, forgiving all the past, and imperatively hushing Dick up when the latter, with some embarrassment, began an apology.

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There was a movement and a convulsive sob on the part of the girl. Then, as Johnny whispered, "Mary," she whispered in response:

"Here, brother, I am here."

"I'm so glad, Mary, I'm so glad and—oh, Mary, the three cents."

"Have you lost it, brother?"

"Yes, Mary, it is gone—and, oh, what will mother do now for a candle?"

Laughable as that! Something for merriment—that two children right from the jaws of death, only hair's breath escapes from the worms and the mould of the graveyard should, with their very second breath, moan for a little petty, pitiful three-cent piece: My friend, let me tell you, in the teeth of your smile, that in the cities, and in the towns, and even in the highways and hedge-rows there are thousands to whom the loss of so poor a thing as a three-cent piece means misery—and the gain of a shilling almost utter happiness.

And this was the story that Bachelor Joe Willis heard from a kind-hearted man, who was accompanying the little procession bearing the children home toward. The stranger felt strongly enough to force it all upon Mr. Willis, when that worthy asked, in a casual way, what all this meant.

Willis heard and walked with the man.

"And the name of these children," suggested he. "Perhaps you could tell me that?"

"I'm not sure, but I think they live in that large building over there, and their mother is a rather youngish widow by the name of Johnson, Rachel, by the way, as I happen to have the chance of knowing."

Rachel Johnson!

That name was sufficient to bring up a flood of recollections to the mind of Willis. He stopped and allowed the man to pass on. Then he turned and strode slowly in another direction.

Rachel Johnson! Oh, of course not! He never knew the mother of those poor children. But then he once knew a Rachel —yes, *before* her name became Johnson.

In a twinkling he saw a rapidly moving panorama pass before him, and everywhere through it he saw one fair, pale face that he found now he remembered only too well. He remembered, too, his own mad doubts and suspicious folly, that, fostered by designers, had separated him from her whom he half suspected now, he had been unworthy to possess—Rachel.

They lived in his house, did they? He could not help it; that fragment drew him like a loadstone. He turned once more and began to retrace his steps.

It had grown dark now, and lamps were lit. From a neighboring window a thread of light shot out and fell upon a little white something that glimmered and glowed, and seemed to sparkle as it caught the eye of Bachelor Joe Willis once more. It was the despised three-cent piece.

He was in a different humor now. That cellar which his agent had told him about and dragged him to see *should* be fixed and—

He held the three-cent piece in his hand and wandered on. He looked at the innocent little coin, and somehow it drew him nearer and nearer to the light.

Pshaw! What was he thinking of? This was not his Rachel, of course. She married Rich Johnson, and went to St. Louis. No doubt she was one of the *elite* there, while he was still Bachelor Joe Willis.

He paused in front of the house. From a poorly dressed man who came out he received some information in a suppressed, sympathetic tone. He entered the house and wandered up the stairs in the darkness. Around and about him were no loud noises coming as he found him that must be wherever life flourishes thickly.

"Strange," thought he, "how these poor people feel for one another. I should think there would be no heart left in them. I know my agent says they are a wearying, worrying set. But after all, they have souls."

There was a light peeping out through the cracks of the door of Mrs. Johnson's room. That touching little incident of the boys' misery for the lost trifle had not passed unnoticed. She would have had a light if all the parlors in Joe Willis' tenement had had to pawn their rags in one grand co-operative heap. So to the door Mr. Willis walked up, and bobbing in one hand the three-cent piece with the other gave a gentle tap.

The door was opened.

Queer as Joe Willis' framework was a fair-faced, golden-haired little woman, shading her eyes and looking out into the darkness.

Why—yes! It was—it was *his* Rachel Johnson after all.

You want me to tell you all about the courtship, do you, and the wedding?

No sir, I will not. You have forgotten all about those blessed children, and so I shall disappoint you. But the children recovered, and grew up, and prospered, and were well and happy, and called Joe Willis' father, so, you may imagine if you choose, that he married the widow and was happy all through the remainder of his life—all of which can be attributed to the despised three-cent piece.

GENERAL GRANT AND A LUNATIC.

Suit has been entered in the Circuit Court of this District by Thomas Biggins against ex-President Grant for false imprisonment, and $100,000 damages is claimed. The plaintiff charges that the defendant, on the 23d of March, 1874, in the city of Washington, with force and arms, assaulted, seized and laid hold of him, and, with great force and violence, pulled and dragged about the said plaintiff, and also forced and compelled him to go from and out of his (the plaintiff's) store on F street to police headquarters, where he was grossly and shamefully imprisoned and probable cause whatever, for the space of twenty-four hours. He also charges that the defendant had him imprisoned in the Government Hospital for the Insane for the period of eight months; and, further, that the defendant, on the 20th of November, 1874, compelled the plaintiff to go under guard from the city of Washington on board a train of railroad cars to the city of New York, and then and there with force and arms compelled him to embark on board the steamship Queen, and sail from there to Liverpool, England. The records of the detective office show that Thomas Biggins was arrested on the charge of threats at 5 o'clock P. M., March 21, 1874, by the Metropolitan Police detectives, and was sent to the insane asylum, his unsoundness of mind having been certified to by Drs. Johnson, Stiles and G. L. Magruder. It is stated that threats were made against General Grant, whom he (Biggins) met as he was leaving the White House grounds for a walk, and that Biggins, raising a stick, said: "If I catch you at my bedside again I'll knock your head off."

General Grant replied: "Well, if you do, knock it off."

Biggins, it will be remembered, was before the committee on the administration of the affairs of the asylum as a witness, a year ago, when he testified about the spirit of General Grant being at his bedside, etc.

SEA-HORSES.

The Sea-horses are so singular in appearances, and their structure and habits so peculiar, that they are among the most interesting fishes, and they are accordingly special favorites of the aquarium.

Imagine a little body from four to six inches in length, topped by a head which in outline exactly resembles that of a horse, and tapering off below or behind into a little, fine, slender, and pointed tail, and we may form a rough idea of the general appearance of one of the Sea-horses. This little body we shall find to be covered with plates or scales of hard bony or bony substance, exhibiting ridges and angles all over its surface. A pair of large brilliant eyes, each of which may be moved independently of the other, add to the curious appearance of the head; whilst to the body itself, may be attached long streamers of sea-weed, serving to conceal the little beings as they sport amid their marine bowers, each looking like some veritable creation mythological.

The flexible tail which terminates the body has the important office of mooring or attaching the fishes to any fixed object. As we see them in the aquarium, they are generally poised, on the tail, as it were; the latter being coiled around a bit of sea-weed, whilst the erect body and head look warily through the waters of their miniature sea. And when they detach themselves, they swim about in the usual position by means of the two pectoral or breast fins, which being placed close to the sides of the neck, project like veritable ears, and assist in rendering the equine appearance of the head of still more realistic nature. These fins move with a quick twittering motion, and propel their possessor swiftly through the water; whilst the back-fin, placed towards the hinder extremity of the body, also assists them in swimming.

Some curious points in the internal structure of the Sea-horses warrant a brief notice. As every one knows, the red gills of an ordinary fish are shaped each like a comb, the teeth of the comb being represented by the delicate projections protruding in readily to the eye of a network of blood-vessels, in which the blood is exposed to the oxygen of the water, and is thus purified. In the Sea-horses, however, the gills do not present this comb-like appearance, but exist in the form of separated tufts or bunches of delicate filaments, which spring from the gill-supports or arches. From this peculiarity, the name 'tuft-gilled,' is derived, and the Pipe-fishes agree in the structure of the gills with the Sea-horses. Then, also, as most readers are aware, the gills of ordinary fishes are covered by a horny plate, appropriately named the gill-cover, and it is by sharply compressing the gills with this cover, that the water used in breathing is ejected from the gills, so as to make room for a fresh supply. In the Sea-horses, however, the gill-cover is not open or free at its under or hinder edges, but is firmly attached all round to the neighboring tissues, and so rendered immovable. But at one point in its circumference, a small aperture is left, through which the breathing water escapes from the gills.

The Sea-horses are found abundantly along our shores, also in the English Channel, around the coasts of France and Spain, in the Mediterranean Sea, and in the tropical oceans. A goodly number of different species are known to zoologists, but they all resemble one another in the essential features just noted. They are intelligent, lively little creatures, learning in time to know the hand that feeds them. Fixed by their tails, they may be seen actively to dart the head at any passing object adapted for food, whilst, when they wish to free their bodies from the attached position, they appear to manœuvre with the chin and head in order to effect their purpose. Their food appears to consist of small crustaceans, worms, and others of their marine neighbors, and they are known to be especially fond of such delicate tit-bits as are afforded by the eggs of other fishes.

Perhaps the most curious part of the history of the Sea-horses relates to their care of the young. Fishes generally take little or no care of their off-spring, and it is therefore the more surprising to encounter in the little beings before us, a singular example of parental fidelity and attachment. Nor, as might be expected, is it the mother-fish who is charged with the task of attending the young. Contrary to the general rule, the male fish assumes the part of nurse, and well and faithfully does he appear to discharge his duties. At the root of the tail in the male Sea-horses, a curious little pouch is seen. In this pouch the eggs laid by the females—which do not possess a pouch—are deposited, and are therein duly hatched. You see the parental fidelity and love: for after the young are hatched and swim about by themselves, they seek refuge in the pouch during the early or infantile period of their life whenever danger threatens them. This procedure forcibly reminds one of the analogous habits of the kangaroos and their young; but the occurrence is the more remarkable in the lower and presumably less intelligent fish.

Some experiments made on Sea-horses seem to demonstrate the existence of a more than ordinary degree of attachment to their young. Thus when a parent-fish was taken out of the water, the young escaped from the pouch; but on the parent being held over the side of the boat, the young at once swam towards him, and re-entered the pouch without hesitation. Some authorities have not hesitated to express an opinion that the young are nourished within the pocket by some fluid or secretion from the pouch itself. But further observation is certainly necessary before this latter opinion can be relied upon.

AN INDIAN DUEL.

Omaha *Herald*: "A citizen of Sioux City, who has spent much time among the agencies of the up-river Indians, says it is amusing, as well as touching, to hear an Indian lodge death song. One informant was at Standing Rock a few months since, and one day he observed an unusual stir among the Indians. Soon two bucks came forth from different lodges, each with a gun in his hand. They walked out some little distance from the rest of the Indians and took posts, distant from each other about fifty yards. At a given signal they turned, raised their rifles to their faces, and fired. Both fell, wounded, one fatally. They were immediately surrounded by friends, who made no particular effort to bind their wounds, but simply stood around talking among themselves and gesticulating, while the wounded Indians, as soon as they fell, began the death song. There was little music in it. It was a sort of deep-down unnatural tone of voice, kept up for half a minute or so at a time, when it would cease, and the soldiers around in the interim make a confession of all the evil deeds they had ever done. They would tell of the massacres in which they had been engaged; how many scalps they had lifted from the heads of white people; the number of ponies they had stolen, together with all sorts of important and unimportant evil doings in their lifetime. This accomplished, they were ready to give up the ghost."

REVIEWS.

PROF. TYNDALL'S LESSONS IN ELECTRICITY is a series of lectures to young people, given at the Royal institution. The book is full of illustrations of inexpensive apparatus, most of which a boy of ordinary ingenuity can make, and the explanations and instructions are given in the simple, clear and cogent style which distinguishes the author. Such a book as this placed in the hands of a youth, is better than many a term of ordinary school instruction. It teaches him to become a thinker. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

FRIEND FRITZ is the title of the latest tale by that brother author Erckmann-Chatrian. From beginning to end the story is full of the most robust jollity; hearty as a northwestern breeze, but with nothing of its harshness. It is a story of German life, and full of its heartiness. The contest between the passion of love and the love of ease and mere personal enjoyment, which is skillfully pictures, enlists the interest of all readers. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York. Price $1.25.)

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

Lippincott's.—The two most attractive articles are "Chapters from Real Life," describing the experiences and struggles of an English lady of refined breeding, who some years since crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship, and lived for a time in squalid boarding houses in New York city; and an account of "Wye Island," by Mr. Robert Wilson, who brings into vivid light a hot-bed of political corruption. "The Tartar and His Home," by Edward C. Bruce, is full of information and lucid and suggestive views in regard to the East. It is finely illustrated. There is a second paper on the "Valleys of Peru." The fiction of the number includes a deeply interesting installment of "The Marquis of Lossie," by George MacDonald; a very amusing story with the odd title of "K," and the conclusion of Auerbach's "Gawk from America." An editorial paper on "Colleges," on various topics. The poetry is by Emma Lazarus, Edgar Fawcett, and Kate Hillard, and the critical notices of new books are vigorously written; the whole formingg a very attractive and entertaining number.

Potter's American Monthly contains: "Architectural Progress as seen in the Religious Edifices of the World," by Rev. Dr. Blackwood; "The American Drama," by A. E. Lancaster; "Cotton Spinning," its history, growth and development; "Signals and Signaling," by Capt. S. H. Lane, U. S. N.; "During Forty Centuries," "A Chat about the Doctor," and "Some Savage Virtues." These articles will well pay perusal, as will also a variety of topics touched upon, under the heads of Literature and Art, Science and Mechanics, Current Memoranda and Gossip.

Scribner's opens with a lively, descriptive article on "Chincoteague, the Island of Ponies," which lies off the northeastern shore of Virginia, and is the home of a breed of ponies as wild as the mustangs of Texas. The illustrations are very spirited. "A Trip to the Black Hills" is very pleasant taken as here presented, that is by the eye. A practically suggestive article on "Farm Villages," by George E. Waring, is valuable. "Some American Sporting Dogs" will be welcome to old and instructive to young sportsmen. The instalment of Dr. Holland's serial, "Nicholas Minturn" is very fine. Miss Herrick's finely illustrated article on Insectivorous Plants. These with good short stories, poems, and the usual bright editorial pages, make up a number every bit as good as the average of this favorite magazine, which is always more than "good."

Harper's continues its series of finely illustrated articles on "Furniture and Decoration." An article illustrated article on our "Familiar Birds," every body will like to read. The "Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands" is concluded, "Old Wiley," "The Chaneys of the Coach," and "Uncle Zeke's Conscience," are capital short stories. "The Public Libraries of the United States" is replete with interesting information and practical suggestions. "About Flame and the Combustion of Substances" is an instructive popular scientific article. The usual Literary, Scientific and Historical Records are full and very readable. "Solitude" is awarded high praise; the reviewer discreetly says nothing about the manner in which it has been variously translated into English.

Appleton's Journal gives a graphic and most attractive account of the "First Year in the Ice," of the Austrian Arctic Expedition, conducted by Messrs. Julius and Julius Payer, one of the commanders, which it pronounces the best work on Arctic adventure which has come under its notice. "Cherry Sugar," by Lucy Larcom, is continued, also George Sands' "Tower of Percemont." "Dr. Addlebergee" is a very pleasant story, as is also the Russian sketch "The Wild Dove's Nest." George Cary Eggleston takes us to Russia and in his own vigorous style makes us acquainted with some not generally known phases of life there.

The Popular Science Monthly is rich with facts, thoughts and suggestions. A lecture by Prof. Tyndall, entitled "A Combat with an Infected Atmosphere" details the difficulties encountered in excluding the germs of life floating in the air from contact with the substances with which he was experimenting in his researches into the origin of life. His triumph in the struggle against the theory of spontaneous generation. "Relations of the Air to our Clothing," is replete with valuable suggestions. Prof. John Trowbridge's article on "The Annihilation of Mind" is a strong piece of original thinking which will command wide attention. "The Natural Development of Arabic Numerals" presents some curious facts.

THE GIFTS ON GOLD.—It is to solace the wants, and not to nourish the passions of men. In this view it was originally brought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. Upon the basis of this idea of the master, he who lays it up, its keeper, he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolater. The truly wise man is he who despises it.

WORTH OF A SMILE.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred-fold when his "better half" moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends appointed to torture lost spirits.

NEWS NOTES.

THE NEW YORK Gold Exchange has resolved to dissolve.

IT is reported that there is a movement on foot in Italy to restore the Pope's temporal authority.

THE son of Brigham Young is about to emigrate with about 500 Mormon families to Sonora in Mexico.

THE Empress Dowager of Japan is said to have contributed $30,000 towards, founding a school in Tokio for young nobles.

THE French Government, to relieve distress at Lyons, has ordered upholstery for the public offices to the value of $100,000.

A NUMBER of Jewish ladies, resident in New York, have just organized a relief society for the purpose of aiding poor Jewish women.

BOSTON'S imports since the 1st of January have been nearly half a million dollars in excess of the imports for the same period last year.

NEARLY 20,000 new farms have been started during the past twelve months under the provisions of the homestead and pre-emption laws.

DURING the week ending the 10th inst., the shipments of oil eastward over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad have averaged about seventy cars per day. Saturday night week one hundred and six cars passed through Harrisburg.

A SHAD, the first of the season, was caught in the Delaware, opposite Chester, last week. It weighed three pounds seven ounces, and was bought by Commodore Kloss, of the City Hotel, for $6, the standing offer for the first shad.

AN old lady eighty years of age brought suit in the court at Danville last week to recover wages for services, the account having run for about sixty years. On the trial the defendant produced a book in which the account had been kept for fifty-six years. Plaintiff obtained a verdict for $1,500.

A REMARKABLE case of inherited longevity is reported from Kingston, Maine, where the last of a family of twelve brothers and sisters, named Woodman, has lately died. The youngest of the family died at the age of 62 years, the oldest at the age of 93 years, and the average age was 86 years.

WOMEN are obtaining employment in England as they believe at all events that on the Continent they are not only seen at railway stations, but almost invariably in the box-offices of theatres. The work is congenial and light, and calls into play the dexterous and nimble fingers that have made women so useful in our own treasury department.

THE Dutch propose holding an international historical exhibition this year at Amsterdam, during the months of June, July and August. One of the groups of exhibited articles will display the graphic art in five important divisions, viz: typography, lithography, photography, foundry and wood engravings. A special space has been set apart for the treasures of Holland, and will contain some of the earliest specimens of the art in that country.

A REMARKABLE accident occurred at Reading, Pa., last Sunday morning. Mr. Alfred J. Miller was driving across a railroad track, when his team was struck by an up train, and at the same moment a down train came along, and horse, buggy and driver were dragged down the track, between the two trains. Mr. Miller escaped with severe bruises. The horse was injured beyond recovery and was shot. Portions of the buggy were scattered along the track for three hundred feet.

THE English institution of game preserves has been introduced into Berks county by a local sportsmen's association. They have leased 3,000 acres of forest, field and stream, which they will stock with birds and fishes. They pay each of the fifteen farmers who own the land five dollars a year and divide the proceeds of fines for "poaching" with the farmer in whose territory game is killed. Several hundred quail and pheasants will be set at liberty this spring.

TURKEY has been buying arms and ammunition of us, and is so well pleased with her American purchases that she is now coming to us for blankets and clothing. The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says that forty tons of linen hair have just been sold to agents of the Turkish Government in New York for manufacture into blankets for the Turkish army. The Turks are also negotiating for goods in the leather line; and, if what like prospects quicken the demand, we may expect to furnish them with everything that can be made by the tanner and shoemaker.

PLAN contemplates an imitation in her silver mines of the Sutro Tunnel, which for many years has been in process of construction for the drainage of the mines of the Comstock Lode in Nevada. The famous silver mines of Cerro de Pasco in Peru, have, since their first discovery yielded silver estimated at five hundred millions of dollars in value. This enormous sum was realized in spite of unfaithful working and of crude systems that did not produce anything like the amount the ore was capable of yielding. The projected tunnel, by draining the mines it is thought will restore their value, and enable the miners to reach the richest ores. The project is a plan of Mr. Henry Meiggs, the famous American railway builder of Peru, and if it is pushed with the vigor characterizing his Peruvian railway construction, it is likely to be successful.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LEATHER INDUSTRY is to be held in Berlin next September, under the auspices of the Central Association of the German Leather Trade. The principal groups into which exhibits are to be divided are hides, instruments and machinery of every sort, raw materials of all kinds, tanned leather, leather articles manufactured, leather goods, for military purposes, oak bark of all sorts, and tanning materials, and publications, books, treatises, &c., concerning the leather industry and the culture of the oak. The exhibition will be held in a public hall placed at the disposal of the leather trade by the German military authorities. The circular announcing the exhibition argues that universal exhibitions are not of much benefit to manufacturers as special exhibitions of particular industries, such as the one about to be held, and, in a limited sense, this is probably true where there is not a general market for the exhibited articles.

PRUDENTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by the timely use of DR. JAYNE'S Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain curative for Coughs.

DIPTHERIA is induced by coal gas; indigestion from food not properly cooked; enormous coal bills from fuel wasted. These evils can all be remedied with the Spirax Draft Chimney Regulator. COLFORD & Co., 736 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SONG TO ELSIA.

BY CATHARINE PILGO.

Waken with the starry eyes,
Day hath need of thee;
Morning sunlight may not rise
Upon earth and me
Without thee.

Sweet, the birds have happy notes,
Fresh and meadowlark;
Bother, still, thy singing floats,
Like a drifting barque.
Trill, thou lark!

Summer meets its sweet eclipse
In thy warm, sweet life.
Thou art honey of all flowers,
Thou with light set rife;
Precious lip.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[Wide story was commenced in No 12. Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HARD LINES.

Lying in her darkened chamber, sick almost unto death, was Mrs. Frank Raynor. A baby, some few days old, slept in a cot by the wall. No other child had been born to her, until now, since that season of peril at Eagles' Nest; and just as her life had nearly paid the forfeit then, so it had again now. She was in danger still; she, herself, thought dying.

An attentive nurse moved noiselessly about the room. Edina stood by the bed, fanning the poor pale face resting on it. The window was open as far as it would go, behind the blind: the invalid's persistent cry throughout the morning had been, "Give me air!"

A light, quick step on the stairs, and Frank entered. He took the fan from Edina's tired hand into his strong one; and she seized on the opportunity to go down to the kitchen, to help Eve with the jelly ordered by Dr. Tymms, a skillful practitioner of repute, who had been in constant attendance. Daisy opened her eyes to look at her husband, and the nurse quitted the room, leaving them together.

"You will soon get about again, my darling," said Frank, in his low, earnest, and hopeful tones, that were worth their weight in gold to a sick chamber. "Tymms assures me you are better this morning."

"I don't want to get about," faintly responded Daisy.

"Not want to get about!" cried Frank, uncertain whether it would be best to treat the remark lightly, as a passing fancy emanating from weakness, or to inquire further into it—for everything said by his wife now bore this depressing tenor.

"And you ought to know that I can not wish it," she resumed.

"But I do not know it, Daisy my love. I know not why you should speak so."

"I shall be glad to die."

Frank bent a little lower, forgetting the fan. "Daisy, I truly and honestly believe that you will recover; that the turning-point has come and gone. Tymms thinks so. Why, yesterday you could not have talked as you are talking now."

"I know I am dying. And it is so much the better for me."

He put his hand under the pillow, raising it slightly to bring her face nearer his, and spoke very tenderly and persuasively. He knew that she was not dying; that she was, in fact, improving.

"My darling, you are getting better; and will get better. But, were it as you think, Daisy—otherwise—all the more reason would exist for telling me what you mean, and why you have for so long a time been in this depressed state of mind. Let me know the cause, Daisy."

For a few minutes she did not answer, and there ensued a pause. Frank thought that she was deliberating whether or not she should answer—and he was not mistaken. She shut her eyes again, and he took up the fan.

"I have thought, while lying here, that I should like to tell you before I die," spoke Daisy at last. "But you don't need telling."

"I do. I do, indeed."

"It is because you no longer love me. Perhaps you never loved me at all. You care for somebody else; not for me."

In very astonishment, Frank let fall the fan on the counterpane. "And who is somebody else?"

"Oh, you know."

"Daisy, this is a serious charge, and you must answer me. I do not know."

She turned her face towards him, but so buried it on the pillow that hardly any of it was visible, not speaking. Frank waited; he was ranking his brains.

"Surely you cannot mean Edina."

A petulant, reproachful movement betrayed her anger. Edina! Who was an angel on earth, and so good to them all! and older, besides. The tears began to drop slowly from her closed lashes, for she thought he must be playing with her.

"You will be sorry for it when I am gone, Frank. Edina!"

"Who is it, Daisy?"

A flush of hectic stole into her white cheeks, and the name was whispered so faintly, that Frank had much ado to catch it.

"Rosaline Bell!" he repeated, gazing at her in doubt and surprise for the thought crossed him that her senses might be wandering. "But, Daisy, suppose we speak of this to-morrow instead of now," he added, as a matter of precaution. "You—"

"We will speak of it now or never," she interrupted, vehemently. At least, as vehemently as any one can speak whose voice is faint at the best and whose strength is of the lowest. And the sudden anger Frank's words gave her—for she deemed he was acting altogether a deceitful part and dared not speak—nerved her to tell out her grievances more fully than she might otherwise have had courage to do. Frank listened to the accusation with apparent equanimity; to the long line of disloyal conduct he had been indulging in since the early days at Tremnach down to the present hour. His simple attempt at refutation made no impression whatever—the belief was too long and firmly rooted in her mind to be quickly dispelled.

"I could have borne any trial better than this," concluded she, with a succession of sobbing sighs: "all our misfortunes would have been but sport to me in comparison. Don't say any more, please. Perhaps she will feel some remorse when she hears I am dead."

"We will let the matter drop then, Daisy," assented Frank. "But I have had no more thought of Rosaline than of the man in the moon."

"Will you go away now, please, and send the nurse in?"

"What on earth is to be done?" thought Frank, doing as he was ordered. "With this wretched fancy hanging over her she may never get well—never. Mental torment in those critical cases sometimes means death."

"How is she now?" asked Edina, meeting him on the stairs.

"Just the same."

"She seems so very unhappy in mind, Frank," whispered Edina. "Do you know anything about it?"

"She is low and weak at present, you see," answered Frank, evasively. And he passed on.

Frank Raynor lapsed into a review of the past. Of the admiration he had given to Rosaline Bell at Tremnach; of the solicitude he had evinced for her (or, rather, for her mother) since their stay in London; of his constant visit to them—visits paid every three or four days at first; for poor Mrs. Bell was now nearer her end than was Daisy. Yes, he did see, looking at the years carefully and dispassionately, that Daisy (her suspicions having been, as she had now confessed, first aroused by the tattle of the waiting-maid, Tabitha) might have fancied that she saw grounds to feed her jealousy. She could not know, lacking the clue, that his friendship and solicitude for the Bells proceeded from a widely different cause. That clue she would never, as he believed, have furnished to her so long as she should live.

What a blessing it would be if some people were born without tongues!" concluding Frank, thinking of Tabitha Float.

The slight symptoms of improvement continued, and at sunset Frank Raynor knew that his wife's condition would bear the carrying out of an idea he had formed. It was yet daylight outside, though the drawn curtains made the room dark, when Daisy was conscious of a sad, heartbroken voice whose gentle tone told of sadness.

"Don't shrink from me, Mrs. Frank Raynor," whispered Rosaline—for she it was. "I am come to strive to put straight what I bear has been crooked."

And the few words she spoke, spoke earnestly and solemnly, brought peace to the unhappy wife's heart. Daisy was too ill to feel much self-reproach then; but it was with some shame she learned how mistaken she had been.

"Oh, believe me" concluded Rosaline. "I have never had a wrong thought of Mr. Frank Raynor; nor has he one of me. Had we been true brother and sister, our intercourse with each other could not have been more open and simple.

"He—he liked you at Tremnach, and you liked him," murmured poor Daisy, three parts convinced, but repentant and tearful. "People talked about it."

"He liked me as an acquaintance, nothing more," sighed Rosaline, passing over all mention of that unhappy early feelings. "He was fond of talking and laughing with me, and I would talk and laugh back again. I was light-hearted then. But never, I solemnly declare it, did a word of love, no, nor of undue affection, pass between us. And, in the midst of it, there fell upon me and my mother the dreadful grief of my father's unhappy death. I have never laughed since then."

"I have been thinking all these past two years that he went to West street only to see you," sobbed Daisy.

Rosaline shook her head. "He has come entirely for my mother. Without pay, for he will not take it, he has been unremittingly kind and attentive, and has managed her pains on the way to death. God bless him! A few days, and I shall never see him again in this world. But I shall not forget what he had done for us; and God will not forget it."

"You are not going to die, are you?" cried poor, puzzled Daisy.

"I am going to emigrate to New Zealand," replied Rosaline. "As soon as shall have laid my dear mother in her last home—and death's shadow is even now upon her—I bid farewell to England for ever. We have relations who are settled near Wellington, and they are waiting to receive me. Were Mr. Raynor a free man, and had never possessed any other ties, there could be no question, now or ever, of love between him and me."

Daisy's defiance hand went out to clasp the red hers' delicate one that rested near her on the bed, and her cheeks took quite a red tinge for her own folly and mistakes in the past. A wonderful thing, fancy, admiration, esteem—she hardly knew what to call it—was springing up in her heart for this sad and beautiful young woman, whom she had so miserably misjudged.

"Forgive me for foolish thoughts," she whispered, quite a painful entreating in her eyes. "I wish I had known you before: I would have made a friend of you."

"Thank you, thank you!" warmly responded Rosaline. "That is all I came to say; but it is heaven's truth. I, the unconscious cause of the trouble, am more sorry than you can be. Farewell, Mrs. Raynor for now I must go back to my mother. I shall ever pray for your happiness and your health."

"Won't you kiss me?" asked Daisy, with a rising sob. And Rosaline bent to do it.

"Are you convinced now, Daisy?" questioned Frank, coming into the room when he had seen Rosaline out of the house. "Are you happier?"

All Daisy answer she made was to lie on his arm and cry silently, abjectly murmuring something that he could not hear.

"I thought it best to get Rosaline to come, you know, dear," said he, kissing her very fervently.

"I will never be so stupid again," she sobbed. "And—Frank—I think I shall—shall—get well now."

Rosaline had said that death's shadow lay upon her mother even while she was talking with Mrs. Frank Raynor. In just twenty-four hours after that, death himself came. When the day's sunlight was fading, to give place to the tranquil stars and to the cooler air of night, Mrs. Bell passed gratefully away to her heavenly home. She had been a sad sufferer; she and her sufferings were alike at rest now.

It was some two hours later. The attendant had gone down-stairs, and Rosaline was sitting alone, her eyes dry but her heart overwhelmed with anguish, when Blase Pellet came to make a call of inquiry. He had evinced true anxiety for the poor sick woman, had often brought her little costly dainties, such as rare, choice fruit. And once—it was a positive fact—once, when Rosaline was absent, Blase Pellet had sat down and read to her from the New Testament.

"Will you see her, Blase?" asked Rosaline, as he stood still, half dumb with the news. She looks so peaceful."

Blase assented; and they went together into the death chamber. "Very peaceful. Yes, none could look more so."

"Poor old lady!" spoke Blase. "I'm sure I feel very sorry; almost as though it was my own mother. Was she sensible to the last?"

"Quite to the very last; and collected," replied Rosaline, suppressing a sob in her throat. "Mr. Frank Raynor called in the afternoon; and I know he saw that nothing more could be done for her, though he did not say as much. She was very still after he left, lying with her eyes shut. When she opened them and saw me, she put up her hand for me to take it. 'I have been thinking about your father and that past trouble, dear,' she said. 'I am going to him: and what has never been cleared up here will be cleared up there.' They were nearly the last words she spoke."

"It's almost a pity but what it had been cleared up for her here," said Blase. "It might have set her uncertainty at rest, don't you see, about now nearer her end than was Daisy. Yes, he did see, looking at the years carefully and dispassionately, that Daisy (her suspicions having been, as she had now confessed, first aroused by the tattle of the waiting-maid, Tabitha) might have fancied that she saw grounds to feed her jealousy. She could not know, lacking the clue, that his friendship and solicitude for the Bells proceeded from a widely different cause. That clue she would never, as he believed, have furnished to her so long as she should live.

"

ESPERANZA,
or the
Story of the Swallows.

These were the last words Hope said to Donis, as he turned stoutly from his own home.

"Donis," said she, "in Damascus, once, a proud and rich man being asked for help by a poor neighbor, whose shop had been burnt, drove out the wretch, and cast a stone at him.

"Those who saw the act cried shame, and then were silent with wonder, for the poor tailor well, picked up the stone, and placed it in his wallet.

"From that day the stone never left him, and, hoping and working, prosperity came back to him.

"Lo! one day, the rich man daring fortune, lost his all, and more than all. In those days, in Damascus, when a man ordered more than he could pay, he would settle with his creditors in this manner. He was mounted on a donkey, his head towards the tail; and, in this position, he was paraded through the town, while the people had free voice to call him what they thought of him.

"Now it was that the tailor took the stone from his wallet, and was about to cast it, when seeing his face in a mirror, he saw it red and angry.

"His very honor forbade him cast down the stone.

"His face, as seen in the glass, grew once more honest.

"Fool," said he, "to carry the stone these many years, when I need not have picked it up!"

"From all of which, my Donis, I argue that it is wise never to cast stones or injure any other man; while if a stone be thrown at thee, or an injury come thy way, it is best to avoid the one, forget the other, and leave the stone in the dust of the road and the injury in the dust of forgetfulness.

"I will," said Donis.

So out into the world he went. Hope kissed her fair hands to Baucis and Philemon, and the years, and the swift years, and the changing years, rolled on, on, on.

* * * * * * *

You will not find the word "hoper," in the dictionary, but it is a fine word, and a brave one.

Health and hope, no matter what shape the latter takes—they are the aim and end of all men, rich and poor, powerful and powerless.

Baucis and Philemon tried to hope to see again their Donis.

During the first year they hoped for the the next, during the second they hoped more warmly.

Never for a moment did they despair of seeing their son again.

Nay, gradually they came to believe that their son would come back to kiss them from over the hill top, looking towards the east, and at sunrise.

Hand in hand, Philemon and Bauels prayed; hand in hand looked from the majesty of the sun to the wealth of the green valley, and watched along the road for Donis.

Passing foot-travelers, going to their work in the first year of their hopefulness, would now and again laugh and gently satirize them.

One said perhaps, "Donis has not come this morn."

"No; therefore the more he is coming to-morrow."

"And if he comes not to-morrow ?"

"Then next day."

"And if not this year ?"

"Next year."

"And if never ?"

"Never; not until he never can come shall we cease from hoping."

At last, as the years went on, and as their hair grew gray, the simple people of Arcadia began to think the couple somewhat sacred.

So they watched.

It was upon his birthday anniversaries that they talked the most.

"He hath a beard now," said Baucis, when they called him twenty-one.

"And he hath grown broader in the shoulders," added Philemon.

When ten more years had passed, however, they still thought him twenty-one.

They could plainly beard upon the moulded chin of their fair Donis; but they could not change the face into that of the thinker of thirty.

They bearded him, and left the face the face of youth.

Baucis never doubted she could make her arms meet about his waist.

Philemon felt no conviction that his son might think differently from himself.

After ten hopeful years, their lasting trust fixed him at twenty-one.

Their hope and the daily walk at dawn they took, engendered a fourfold in health the measure of their generous love.

Once the sweet sunrise work of welcoming the sun, and looking for their boy, being passed, they went cheerfully to their cot, and smiled and worked.

He gained ample for their simple wants, and she spread their gains with caution.

Ten, twenty years have sweetly past.

They never ceased to hope, they never ceased to smile, they ever wore a patient, cheery look.

The true Xwas slower work o climb the mountain side, but every morn they reached the top.

Truly the wrinkles came, and their thinned hair was white. But their cheeks were bright, their eyes were clear, and their lips were curved with pleasant smiles.

Sometimes at sunrise a traveler approached, and their hearts beat. But never once was that traveler their Donis.

At last, when he was seventy and she was near that age, and by that time they were pronounced, reaching the summit of their hill of hope, they found their neighbors in the valley measuring the ground.

"What do you there, neighbors?" asked Philemon.

"We are about to build a temple to Hope," said Ramahif; "for here hope has ruled thirty years. The temple doorway shall open to the east, so that the rising sun, the emblem of all hope, shall shine upon the altar. Mark you, Philemon, the doorway —for hope has no door to shut—it welcomes all and everything."

"So also shall the roof be partly open," said Geometria, "for hope shuts not out the stars, and poor would be the Temple of Hope where the stars were absent."

"And the sun shall shine through the round opening in the roof," said Algebris; "round like himself, and his light cutting on the arches we will build, shall make new moons of light, and symbolize his marriage with Diana."

"What will ye call, the temple, friends?" asked Baucis.

"Pantheon," said Ramahif, "for hope is greater than all the gods, and includes all their attributes. We shall write Hope upon the front of our temple, and this word shall ever meet the uprising sun."

"So please you, neighbors," said whitehaired Philemon—and it was at this moment that the first golden line of the sun rose above the horizon—"we fear, Baucis and I, that in your great Temple of Hope is built ye will not let my old wife and myself come here to watch the home-coming of our son."

"Why not ?"

"We should stand near the temple, watching for our son, and mayhap bar the way to worshipers."

"Why then simple heart," says Stronomos "we build the temple but for thee and thy fair wife, for we do think the goddess Hope loves ye more than all other mortals that do breathe; and so we dedicate one temple to Hope, and make of ye, O Baucis! O Philemon! our high priest and priestess! Deign but to serve our temple, to mediate for us with the gods, and we shall fairly worship you!"

"Methinks," said Baucis, "that fair Hope loves without prayer, and cares for no high priest or priestess."

"She will not be the poorer for your intercession," said Algebris, "and we shall show our gratitude."

"The marble shall be fair," said Ramahif, "but not so fair as ye, O Baucis, O Philemon !"

And here, when the temple was finished, they found Philemon and Baucis, and, near at hand, they built a stout stone hut, which lasts to this day in the singing land of Arcadia.

The temple is long since down; the very foundation is covered with earth and dancing brambles, and the statue of Truth has passed into other hands. But, hale and whole, stands the old cot, for it was well and well built, and the winds that assailed it, great temple passed it by, and the wild men who came and threw down the walls of marble left the but built of squared stones.

Here, before the statue, Baucis and Philemon tended the sacred fire of Hope, which never flagged.

For ten years—until he was eighty and she almost the same long age—they trimmed the sacred flame. Yet ever at sunrise they looked along the road in the valley, waiting for their son—the son who to them was still a youth leaping into manhood, with the down of a first beard upon his chin—Donis, who was now nearly fifty years of age, as old as the father from he bore his name.

Ten years—and now Philemon shaded his eyes, as he looked towards the rising sun; and Baucis, when she knelt, found it hard to rise again.

Their backs were rounded, and their heads were bent; their lean legs bent under them, and their shriveled hands were almost made as claws. Thousands of busy wrinkles furrowed their necks and faces, and but little gray hair danced in the balmy winds of fair Arcadia.

They tended the sacred fire of the temple, Hope never ceased to smile, and every day they looked toward the rising sun (which shone on them and the fair, smiling statue of Hope), and then they looked adown the untenanted road.

At last, one dawn, a something moved upon the yellow winding way below.

"Baucis, a traveler comes this way through the valley ?"

They watched the wayfarer as he ascended the hill, and when they began to pity him—for his back was bent, his head was stooped; and their keen eyes—kept sharp and long-sighted by the mere force of hope—saw that the wayfarer's hair was gray.

He was dressed in very poor clothes, a wallet was slung at his back, and he leant upon a knotted stick.

When he reached them, they called the man to them, sat him down, and brought him dried figs, bread, and a bowl of sweet milk.

They pitied him as an old and weary man.

"Brother," said Philemon, "the world has been dealing harshly with thee; but why dost thou not eat ?—why dost look adown into the western valley ?"

"Methought that I was hungered," said the man; "but lo! my appetite has fallen away, for I am sick desiring to see a cottage that is below in the dell."

"Then hast come from afar ?"

"From across the blue sea, that has parted me from this land these many years. But what is this temple that I see ?"

"'Tis a temple of Hope."

"I know it not. It has not ever stood where now I see it."

"Ah! thou hast been in Arcadia before ?"

"Here was I born—here did I live for more than fifteen years."

"Here—in Arcadia ?"

"Yea even here, where my eyes look about me; even in the valley where I cannot see the cot I seek."

"And is it long since thou wast here ?"

"Over thirty years. And never had I come again, but that, far away in Barbary, I heard of an ancient man and woman who so loved their only son, that daily they climbed a hill to watch for that son who had long been; even left them and gone into the world—hoping that he would come back, facing them, by the road whereon he turned his back when leaving them. Twas then my heart reached me that I, too, had left father and mother, and the wish came upon me to see the place where they died."

"Ah! they are dead ?"

"Alas! years years ago."

"Did they send thee word, brother, when they died ?"

"Alas! no word was sent; but there came to me many things I had given each other as lovers, and had worn. I knew they would never leave their fingers until death; and thus I came to know they were dead. One day I found these rings lying on my pillow, and then I knew the gods were good, and in my exile had sent me their betrothal rings."

"How cruel must thou to be in exile? But pray eat and drink. We had once a son, a fair, stalwart lad, with sunny hair, and a fair, soft beard, and he went away and never did come back. Ah, how we have watched him—and how we watch! Will he never, never come ?"

They turned from the stranger, and looked towards the rising sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BE NEAT.—Young ladies, if they only knew how disgusting to men slovenliness is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the lilies of the field; or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colors which nature exhibits in all her works. A girl of good taste, and habits of neatness, can make a more facinating toilet with a shilling calico dress, a few cheap ribbons and laces, and such ornaments as she can gather from the garden, than a vulgar, tawdry creature who is worth thousands, and has the jewelry and wardrobe of a princess.

HERE AND THERE.

A KNOXUE damsel entered a store recently and asked for "a deck of them postal keerds."

AN old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows what he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."

PUT a peck of Jersey mosquitos under blue glass and in ten days you have spring chicken large enough for the New York boarding houses.

A FRENCH station-master has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 500 for negligently permitting a railway accident.

A GROCER in the suburbs when complained to about selling bad eggs, said: "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad eggs."

A NORTH CAROLINA editor who had been raced down the street by a mad man and a cowhide, found himself alluded to in a rival paper as "an opossed and contemporary."

"LOOK A HAR," remarked a granger to the waiter of a Main street lunch-room, last week, "your coffee is O K, your hash is about correct, but ain't your eggs a little too ripe ?"

A DETROIT grand-mother repeatedly dreamed that the body of her dead grandchild had been stolen from the grave. The dream was repeated and more enough—the child had not been disturbed.

AN Atchison, Kan., girl ate four pounds of wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says that no one dare hint her to marry the man she saw in that dream.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN introduced broom corn into this country. While examining an imported corn which he found a single seed which he planted in his garden. From that seed the corn was propagated.

A VERY precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line: "The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observed that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

AN ATHENS man, mourning over his passionate devotion in verse, spoke of that night when, walking with his sweetheart, he "kissed her under the silent stars." In the line was made to say that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs."

HATTIE WIT.—MRS. Ramsbotham was told of a hat which is constructed with an "air chamber." Her instant remark was: "I thought all 'as was hair chambers leastwise unless the party were bald, which the moral is the same."

THE Troy *Press* has the following gallant item: If the young lady who daily wheels a barrow of interogoneous awful down Fourth street will take the middle of the street, and not the sidewalk, she will have inaugurated a great public reform.

"IT is a settled principle, your honor," said an eminent lawyer, "that issues always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a single issue to deprive a client of all his effects."

HORACE GREELEY said that of the thousands he held, the most he ever received back was a five dollar note inclosed in a letter, and that upon examining the writer of the letter he found it came from a lunatic in the Utica Asylum who never owed him a cent.

AN old bachelor never rewards me his blessed singleness so much as when he is awakened at midnight by a determined burglar, and painfully realizes the fact, as he "covers" over against the wall, that there is no loving heart lying on the other side of him for her to discuss the situation with the intruder.

IF there is one thing we like more than another, it is a simple, direct, intelligible announcement of something we are interested in. How then, can we be sufficiently grateful to Professor Agassiz for informing us that "trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to the cirripeds or ostracods or to the isopod ?"

ONCE a servant man went to the cellar and stuck the candle in what he supposed was a keg of blue-sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle had burned nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand —and as it was nothing else but black sand, nothing happened.

"How you do, Sallie; how you do? I ain't seed you in such a time. How is you no how ?" Sallie, grasping the old darkey's hand and giving it a cordial shake, "I'se all right, thank you, Uncle Tom, but I ain't a kickin' high. How you yourself, Uncle Tom, deliberately. "Well, Sallie, I'm still sticking together—in spots."

THE other day an aged couple drove into Indiana City just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin into the church. At last he turned to his wife stricken half and gasped: "Mary, by golly, it's the cholera! Let's git!"

THE caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to me, says a correspondent, the other day, when I asked an Eastern friend of mine, whose family were not noted for very active habits—"Was not your father's death very sudden ?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied: "Waal, rather sudden, for him."

"MICHAEL," said a gentleman traveling abroad, to his valet. "We shall devote tomorrow to the inspection of the sarcophagus of Napoleon."

"Sar-co-fay-gus," said Mike; "an' fod's that ?"

"Oh, that's the stone coffin in which Napoleon was buried."

"Stone coffin, is it? Begorra that's a good idea. Shure one of them would last a man his lifetime."

SOMEBODY praised a kind of cake Jones brought into the office. Jones at once asked for the recipe for building the cake and next day appeared with the following, which he had taken down in short-hand from his wife's dictation, after dinner: "Seven cups of molasses, three pinches of flour, two thousand quarts of saleratus, a pint of sugar, two pounds of white lead, three eggs, stir well and boil over a slow fire for three hours, and then set aside in a cold room for a week. Somehow, Jones said it didn't sound just right, but that was the way his notes read."

THE latest and most effective counterblast against tobacco was delivered by a lady in a Sixth avenue car recently. One of those noble specimens of manhood who chew the weed and with impartial mind distribute the favors upon every object in sight within range, was sitting opposite the lady and was engaged in the pleasing occupation, vale, a stream of amber juice fell upon her dress. Her look of blank amazement soon gave place to one of wrath, and when blacker than midnight gathered upon her face. Pausing only long enough to let the last man carefully gathered up her dress, so as to lose not a drop of the fragrant liquid, leaned forward in a vise-like way, wiped his face with the garment he had desecrated, and then deliberately resumed her seat. The astonished man roared with rage and pain, vainly tried to wipe the tobacco juice from his smarting eyes, and at last rushed from the car, followed by roars of laughter from the passengers.

"Mr. Editor," said a lady, following to the point: "A seedy fellow stepped into one of our great restaurants a few evenings ago and called for a good supper, the best that could be had. The restaurant keeper hesitated and gave the fellow a look that seemed to say, can you pay for it ? The seedy looking chap took in the situation at once and said: 'Would you like your pay in advance ?' 'I wouldn't object,' said the restaurant keeper. 'Yes, I can pay you,' and produced a hundred dollar bill to get the fifty cents out of. The proprietor looked perplexed and said, 'Have you something smaller than this ?' 'Yes,' and he drew forth a fifty dollar bill. The proprietor was more confused and said, 'Have you nothing smaller than that ?' 'Yes' and he launched out a twenty dollar bill. 'Is this the smallest you have ?' 'No, and he handed up a ten dollar bill. The proprietor got his fifty cents and the man got his supper; they were both satisfied. The man was from Oregon. He had struck a flowing well and the oil had flowed all over him; he was covered with oil and money."

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THE FASHIONS.

It is a rare thing to enter at once upon the "head and front" of your subject when you sit down to have a little pleasant gossip with your friends about the fashions, the current society items, etc., but we intend to prove an exception to the rambling sort, for to-day at least, and commence at the head of our subject. Having attended several fine Millinery openings, we feel competent to settle for our anxious readers that momentous question, "What are the shapes of the new spring bonnets and hats?" There is a very noticeable lack of novelty in any of the styles which we have seen either in hats or bonnets. In fact there seems to be only a slight modification of last fall styles. The rough pineapple braids with wide rims, turned up on one side and tall pointed crowns are again shown; the crowns are not so high, however, nor are the rims so pronounced. While they were shown almost altogether in black hitherto, the new styles are principally in brown, or brown and light colored straw. The trimming for this particular shape, consisting for the most part of a folded scarf of brown, black or dark blue silk, held in place on the left of the crown by a shaded wing, while a cluster of roses or field flowers is placed either to the left of the front, or far back on the right side. Some have a long ostrich plume falling far back over the chignon; others have two short tips or else a curled plume.

CAPOTE BONNETS

[illegible]

BROWN AND WHITE CHIP

[illegible]

SAILOR HATS

[illegible]

ODDS AND ENDS

[illegible]

OUR WORK TABLE

[illegible]

CAPE

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark-brown hair
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid
A little hand within his laid
A little cottage, acres four
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound
A little added to his soil
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair
A little stool and easy chair
A little night of earth-lit gloom
A little cortege to the tomb!

SCHOOL ROOM CROWDING.

BROWN'S DREAM

At the close of a March day, Dr. Toby was returning from his round of visits. His patients that day were mostly children. Scarlet fever, measles, diptheria, ophthalmia in various forms, had taxed his skill and touched his sympathies. His way lay past Brown's, and he determined to call. He hoped to hear Brown's lively comments on the events of the days, and so succeed in driving away the recollections of the scenes of suffering he had witnessed — scenes doubly distressing to him because, he believed, in a great measure preventible.

[illegible]

CATS.

[illegible]

... he sat there was, under the table, a small, venomous snake, which probably would have bitten him had he molested, or trampled on it. The reptile was immediately killed; and Puss ceased her mewing.

THE FAMILIAR CAT-BIRD

In a bright and highly enjoyable article concerning some of our familiar birds, in *Harper's Magazine* for April, Mary Treat relates the following concerning a pair of cat-birds whose acquaintance she cultivated.

They nested in a honeysuckle that climbed over the back piazza, and here was a bird—the male—who was not only not afraid, but he appreciated me, and was companionable and intelligent, and the best musician in the grove, fully equal to his famed Southern cousin, the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). I could call this cat-bird from any part of the grove or orchard, and set him to singing as if in an ecstasy of delight, but in return for this I must be his servant and do his bidding.

There is a keen sense of enjoyment—I might say of exalted happiness—in being able to bring free birds of the grove around one, which well repays for the time and patience and hermit-like life necessary to accomplish it.

If a cat made its appearance on the grounds, and I was not in sight, the bird would come screaming close to the door, when I would accompany him, he pointing out the cat, which I would drive in no gentle way from its lurking-place; other birds clamored about me chasing the intruder, but he was the only one that returned with me to the house, where he expressed the most decided satisfaction. Several times just as it was growing light, the wily cat was prowling about and the bird would call me from my bed with his cries; hastily throwing on a water-proof cloak, I always went to the rescue, and often drove the robber through the wet orchard out across the street, the bird always accompanying and returning with me. The female was confiding and gentle, but not so intelligent as the ...

[illegible]

DRUNKENNESS, anger and folly are equally mischievous, differing only in this, that the two first are transient and mutable, but the third permanent and continuing.

EASTER SIMNEL CAKE

In olden days, in England, there were many curious customs, which are now passing away. One of these was the preparation of a simnel cake. This cake is yet made in Shropshire, where is it said to have originated in the following manner;

An aged couple, living in their homestead, were visited by their son Simon and daughter Nelly, at Easter. On arriving at the house, they found that the old folks had nothing wherewith to entertain them, save the unleavened dough left from the Lenten fast. Nelly proposed to bake this into cakes for the younger children, and while preparing it, she came across the remains of the Christmas plum pudding. This she proposed to cover over with the dough, and bake it hard, so that when the hard crust was bitten through, the rich interior would be a surprise. The cake was accordingly made, when Master Simon came along, and said it was the proper way to boil it. Nelly said it should be baked. Thereupon they quarreled, and even came to blows. Nelly threw the stool whereon she was sitting at Simon. Simon took the broom-handle to defend himself, but his sister soon got it away and beat him with it. Thus the quarrel went on, when Nelly said she would boil the cake first and then bake it. The compromise was accepted, and both set to work to build the fire. The stool and the broomstick were used for fuel, and some eggs, which had been broken in the scuffle, were used to smear over the cake, and give it a glossy appearance. The cooking was a great success, and every year the cake became more popular and was known as Simon-Nelly's cake. After a while, however, only the first parts of their names were used, and for short was called Simnel cake. (*Wide Awake*).

WOMEN IN INDIA.

Lady Anna Gore-Langton, who had recently returned from India, where she had been residing with her brother, the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Governor of Madras, recently delivered an interesting and instructive address on "The Social Condition of Women in Southern India." She said that Indian children were married at eight years of age. Native fathers considered it a disgrace to have single girls in the family and endeavored to get them married in childhood, but then they did not always go at once to their husbands' homes. Although but little money was expended in clothes or education, the marriages were very expensive, as there was a great deal of feasting, and many families had been for years impoverished by the expense of marriages. Infanticide was not so prevalent as was the case a few years ago, and the Government had done a great deal to put it down. The marriages were generally arranged by the old women, who went from family to family to find suitable matches. The men in India were to a great extent ruled by the women, who were very conservative and had a great objection to any improvement in their customs. The lower-class women worked very hard, pulling stone rollers, cutting grass, and helping their husbands in bricklaying. The natives treated widows very badly; their clothes and jewels were taken from them and they were made as miserable as possible. Nothing was more painful than the vacant, hopeless, melancholy faces of the adult women, and nothing was more wanted than lady doctors, who might save Indian women much suffering. Sir Salar Jung, had exerted himself to get a lady doctor, but he had to send to America for one, who has now a large practice among the native women.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE submarine and land-telegraph lines now in operation in the United States measure over 100,000 miles, and employ 1,000,000 miles of wire. At present there are 31,000 telegraph stations, sending in the aggregate, 80,000,000 messages per annum.

SILK FROM SPIDERS.—Thread spun by the spider is six and three-tenths times finer than that produced by the silkworm, and as the average number of the latter required to yield a pound of silk is found to be between three and four thousand, it is calculated that no less than some twenty-five thousand spiders would be required to spin a similar quantity. Unfortunately for this species of industry, they are such quarrelsome little fellows that it is impossible to utilize their work; they have a genuine Hibernian taste for a "row," and insist upon fighting and killing each other when collected together in large numbers.

A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLD.—The French have introduced a new substitute for gold. It consists of 100 parts by weight of pure copper, 14 zinc or tin, 6 magnesia, 3.6 sal ammoniac, 1.8 burnt limestone and 9 cream of tartar. The copper is first melted, then the magnesia, sal ammoniac, limestone and cream of tartar in powder are gradually added separately. The whole is kept stirred for half an hour, the zinc or tin being dropped in piece by piece, the stirring be kept up till they melt. Last of all the crucible is covered and the mass kept in fusion for thirty-five minutes. The scum being removed the metal is poured into moulds. The alloy is fine-grained, malleable and takes a high polish. It does not easily oxidize.

ZYMOTIC DISEASES.—This term *zymotic* is derived from a Greek word meaning *ferment*, and has reference to a change analogous to that of fermentation occurring in the blood by the infinite multiplication of disease-germs. Such affections chiefly comprise fevers *par excellence*—the epidemic, endemic, and contagious or infectious disorders—which suddenly attack masses of people, which spring from different sorts of malaria, or from specific communicable poisons, contaminate the atmosphere and water, and decimate in a brief time civil and military communities. We read in sacred history of whole armies having suddenly been swept away, as that of Sennacherib, which, while besieging Jerusalem, lost 185,000 men in a single night under the deadly breath of the destroying angel—a beautiful metaphor, probably, for the swift and invisible blow of the pestilence. It has been well remarked that these diseases distinguish one country from another. They have formed epochs in chronology, and, as Niebuhr has shown, "have influenced not only the fall of cities, such as Athens and Florence, but of empires." This great class of maladies is the index of salubrity; it is this class which varies to the greatest extent in different climates and seasons, which modifies the fatality of other kinds of disease and which constitutes the principal difference between the health of different peoples and periods.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

RANGE FINDER.—Captain Watkin, R.A., has invented a range-finder, under different forms, for use in military and naval training and in time of war. If a hostile ship is approaching our coast or working her way into a harbor, it is important to know her exact distance, so that she may be hit by the heavy shot of the defensive battery. The range-finder, which is a combination of a telescope and a spirit-level, requires not more than eight seconds to indicate the distance in yards on a scale, and the gun can then be brought to bear with unerring accuracy. Should the ship be hidden by smoke, observers with an electric position finder are stationed some way off, and make known her movements by telegraph, whereby the gunners can keep up their fire although they cannot see the enemy. This seems incredible, but the explanation is, that by means of charts ruled in squares, the position of a ship in any square or any part of a square can be identified, and aim taken accordingly. Another form of range-finder, of very simple construction, is intended for use on land. It is a japanned metal box ten inches by four, with a few holes in two sides, and one half of the top free to open by a hinge. Inside is an arrangement of mirrors and a boxwood scale of yards from six hundred to four thousand. With this instrument and three staves used in determining a base, one man by himself can ascertain the range of an object—a battery, a wood, a river, or a body of men, in three minutes, with two men it can be accomplished in one minute.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS is forwarded.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Biography of Aleppo," "No More Pie," "The Hero's Farewell," "Bounaby's Dream," "The Life of the World."

HENRY A. WINSLOW, (De Kalb Co., Ind.)—We do not know the title of the book which teaches grammatical analysis in the manner you indicate.

F. V., (Washington Co., Ind.)—Lord Nelson the British Admiral, born in 1758, was killed in the battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21st, 1805. He entered the navy as midshipman at the age of twelve years.

T. JAMESON (Wayne Co., Mich.)—The panther and the ounce are different animals. The latter is smaller, being only about 3½ feet long, and is not a native of this country but of the mountainous regions of Asia.

W. WILLIS, (Greene Co., N. Y.)—There are numerous points among the oil regions of Pennsylvania where the gas from natural sources, that is, flowing directly from the ground, is used for light and fuel. Its composition is similar to the ordinary coal gas used in cities.

WILLIAM H. EVANS, (Weld Co., Colorado.)—From your letter it is evident you are not prepared to write a story which would be acceptable for publication. You need much instruction in spelling, punctuation, construction of sentences and general style. Please don't send any manuscript for our "columns."

"WILLIS" (Tioga Co., Pa.)—A bill has been before the Legislature of Pennsylvania during the present session, providing for changing the Capital from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, but there seems to be little probability of its passage. There are too many arguments *pro* and *con* to allow of their consideration in this column.

LAURA VINE, (Wyoming Co., Pa.)—The oleander although a very showy house plant is very poisonous and dangerous from the fact that this is not generally known. Serious illness has been caused to children by their sucking the flowers, and death has been known to follow the use of the wood for skewers in meat. We advise you to banish it from the house.

GEORGE HASBROOK, (Sangamon Co., Ill.)—It is very easy to distinguish mushrooms from toadstools, if one has become acquainted with them, but it is not safe for a novice to attempt this merely by reading descriptions, and we do not care to tempt any one to try by publishing such a description. Mushroom spawn, with directions for cultivation can be obtained at the leading seed-stores.

F. PRESTON, (New Castle Co., Del.)—Sumac is used extensively in tanning, dying, making ink, etc. It contains a large amount of tannic acid. It is largely cultivated in the island of Sicily from which the chief supply is obtained. A considerable quantity is gathered in different districts in the United States from New York southward, but the quality and price are inferior to the imported.

GEORGE S. (Onondaga Co., N. Y.)—The term "Natural Philosophy" as used at present embraces only the science of mechanics and physics. Physics includes hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. Formerly Natural Philosophy included all sciences which related to the physical universe, in contradistinction to metaphysics which treated of the laws of mind.

M. W. S., (Providence, R. I.)—We are not aware that the Emperor of Brazil has offered special inducements to individuals or families to emigrate to that country. It is possible that grants of land have been promised, but we cannot find any authority for this opinion. If any systematic effort of this kind to induce emigration were in progress, wide publicity would doubtless be given to it by advertising.

YOUNG MOTHER, (Monroe Co., Iowa)—It is a great mistake to plunge the baby into a tub of cold water to harden it, all the more dangerous if he be delicate. The shock is too great, and some internal inflammation is likely to ensue. Warm, not hot water should always be used for infants. From 88° to 90° degrees, just about the temperature of the child's body is right. Use the thermometer and you need make no mistake.

DAVID LEE, (Hunterdon Co., N. J.)—Normal schools were first established in Prussia, in 1735. The first institution of the kind in this country was opened at Lexington, Mass., in 1839. It was established by the efforts of Edmund Dwight, who gave $10,000 on condition that the State should give a like sum for the purpose. There are now five Normal Schools in that State, and nearly every State in the Union has one or more.

H. JONES, (Northumberland Co., Pa.)—Live oak timber is especially valuable for ship-building, because of its solidity and durability, and also from the fact that the tree being low-branched, it supplies an abundance of the knees or crooks required in naval architecture. It is found in the United States from Virginia to Texas, seldom more than fifty miles from the coast. It also grows to some extent in Mexico, Central America, and some of the West India Islands.

I. NOAKES, (Schuylkill Co., Pa.)—Diamonds and other precious stones are cut or rather ground into shape, and polished by the use of diamond dust applied under pressure with suitable wheels. The art is in greatest perfection in Amsterdam, Holland. It is carried on to some extent in this country. We recently noticed the fact that a firm in Massachusetts has a number of girls at work who have learned this trade. It would seem to be well adapted for females, as it requires delicate and patient manipulation.

L. L. G., (Amelia Co., Va.)—There are several methods of preparing what is called invisible ink. One of the cheapest and easiest is to write with common tincture of iron, which can be obtained at any drug store. This will remain undistinguishable until green or black tea is poured over it, when it comes out clearly. The tannin in the tea unites with the iron and thus forms black ink. This, if understood by two parties to a correspondence would furnish a convenient way to use postal cards, and keep the contents from outside parties.

"SUBSCRIBER," (Washington, Pa.)—To answer all your questions would require quite an astronomical treatise; much more than there is room for in this column. All the information you ask for, can be easily obtained from almost any school book on astronomy. It is supposed that the mastodon and elephant whose remains are now frequently found in regions where they could not now live on account of the cold, were formerly able to live there, as the temperature was then much higher than at present. As the seasons changed of course they perished.

CHARLES NEWCOMB, (Clermont Co., O.)—The substance known as frankincense is a resinous gum which gives out an agreeable odor when burning, and is used now chiefly in the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. It is derived mostly now from the Norway Spruce tree. The frankincense of the ancients was the product of a tree in Central India. According to an ancient writer it was first introduced into religious ceremonies to conceal the smell arising from the slaughtered animals of the sacrifices. It is also regarded as symbolizing the prayers of the people.

PETER LUSK (Floyd Co., Va.)—The first portable firearm of which we have any account was called the bombard or bombardelle, which is represented in a French work written about 1338. Some, however, think they were used by the English as early as the battle of Crecy, in 1346. This weapon was a heavy piece resembling a blunderbuss, and was fired with a live coal or match. The name musket is supposed to be derived from the French *mouchet* (a sparrow-hawk); firearms having in several instances having been named from animals, as the falcon, the dragon, etc.

P. S. STANTON (Cannon Co., Tenn.)—The undulatory theory of light which was originated by Huygens is now generally received by scientists, although it has not yet been proved to account for all the phenomena. According to this view, there exists a transparent medium, to which the name of ether is given, filling all spaces between the heavenly bodies, to which wave-like motion is imparted by light giving-objects; that the undulations are conveyed to the nerve of the eye and give the sense of vision in the brain; just as sound waves are transmitted through air to the ear. Continued experiments are being made to know more about the nature of light and new discoveries are announced from time to time.